

# The TATLER

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July 14, 1937



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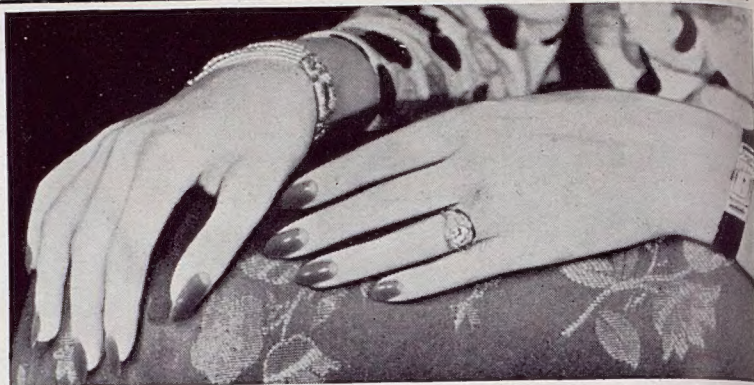
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# The TATTLER

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“LADY LINDY”

At the time this page goes to press the whole world is holding its breath in tense anxiety as to the fate of the brave and charming lady who is the subject of our picture. Mrs. Putnam, better known as Amelia Earhart, was affectionately named “Lady Lindy” on account of her supposed likeness to America’s greatest airman. At this moment we are hoping, almost against hope, that this intrepid airwoman and her navigator, Captain Noonan, may be rescued





THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES WITH THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS

This group was taken after the presentation of what is called the "Reddendo" in connection with the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, an ancient ceremony in which the Captain-General, in this case Lord Elphinstone, brother-in-law of the Queen, knelt on one knee as he presented to King George the customary "Reddendo"—a present of three arrows—and asked in the established form for Royal continuance and recognition of all ancient rights and privileges. The two little Princesses, as was only to be expected, were intensely interested in the quaint uniforms of the Royal Company of Archers and in everything in connection with the formality

**M**EMORY is a queer part of us. We remember so much that is inconsequential and unimportant, while forgetting the immediate, the imperative, and the essential. I, for instance, have no difficulty in recalling at the most inopportune moments that mosquitoes have twenty-two teeth, or that the famous Lord Asquith only had to go to the dentist once in forty-seven years; but when I come to remember the events of the week—!!!

The fantastic is easier to retain than the spectacular, and the peculiar is less erasable than the beautiful.

I shall remember the dance given by Lady Orr-Lewis for her débutante daughter, Ursula Gibbons, because I groped my way upstairs in pitch darkness and was greeted by my hostess with a candle in her hand. Such a golden opportunity for gate-crashers continued until, in the depths of the basement, a fuse was mended.

\* \* \*

So much has been written about débutantes that I feel it is only fair that the merest mention be given to the young men who nightly and tirelessly cover miles and miles of parquet flooring as their partners. From careful observation from the gilt-chair grandstand I would say that the rather spotty, weedy sort of youth, aptly described to me as "newts," appear to be practically non-existent, and a much more healthy-looking type has sprung up with just a suspicion of heartiness. Good manners are definitely "in," and every dinner hostess before a dance gets a thank-you letter from all the men

## PANORAMA



Lenore

THE EARL OF HADDINGTON

Lord Haddington is a Brigadier in the Royal Company of Archers, and consequently bore a prominent part in the ceremony of the Reddendo, which is referred to in the note under the picture at the top of this page. At the Coronation Lord Haddington bore the Ivory Rod with Dove in the procession of the Queen's Regalia

she has entertained, and often the giver of the ball as well.

At the cocktail party Lady Guthrie gave for her daughter's young friends last week in Eaton Square, I asked one of the men what girlish habit annoyed him most, and two of them answered in unison, "Being asked to hold her bag!" In between dances it now seems to be the fashion to wander about hand in hand with a slightly dégage air—a habit that long-suffering mothers view with surprise but wisely refrain from criticising or even commenting upon.

Lord Howland, the Duke of Bedford's grandson, is at every dance, and about 3 a.m. usually discards his eyeglass; Sir Francis Peek is also on every hostess's list, and other popular young men with charming manners are Mr. Francis Coventry, who spends most of his week-ends yachting, Mr. Tommy Clyde, and Mr. Billy Rees-Davies, who has a great sense of humour.

Many of the young men at dances don't drink at all, and the others very little indeed, yet they dance all night and every night, and apparently get up and work in the day—yes, it does sound rather like a conundrum, and the answer, I'm afraid, is a word of five letters—Youth. Of one thing I am certain—the 1937 young man is *not* spoilt, and casualness in the form of not answering invitations or "chucking" one party for a last-minute better one is a thing of the past.

\* \* \*

Faced with a list as long as your arm of people whom she wished to invite to her party last week, Madame



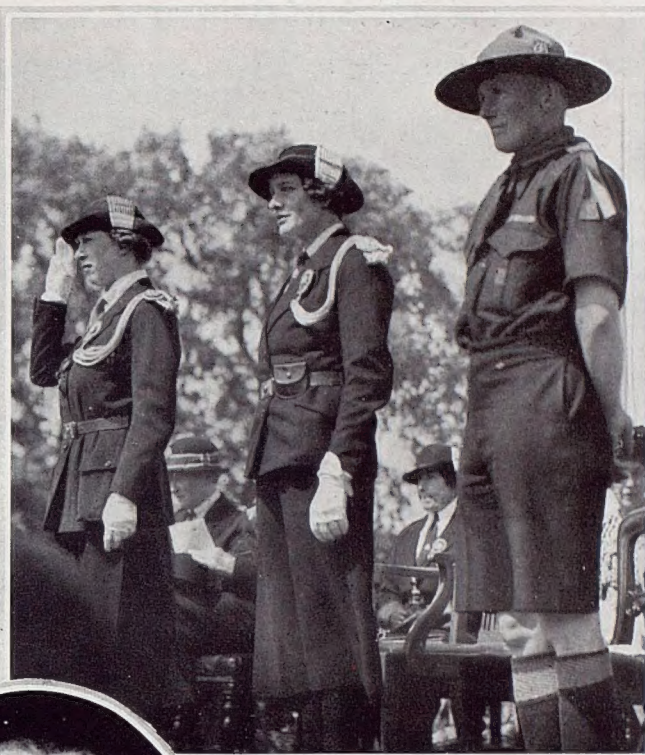
Régis de Oliveira solved the problem very dextrously by asking some of them at five and some from six to eight. The Duchess of Kent was one of the early arrivals and was delighted with the gay, jaunty air with which Madame Prager Coelho sang a group of Brazilian folk songs, strumming away on a guitar as her own accompanist. Her songs are full of charm and humour and conjure up visions of a gracious, sunlit land, but I was brought down to earth with a bump when the singer herself told me that Rio is now a mass of gigantic skyscrapers.

The Brazilian Embassy in Upper Brook Street contains many fine pictures and *objets d'art*, but, to my mind, by far the most attractive is a delightful portrait by Madrazo that stands on an easel in the corner of the drawing-room. It shows a very solemn little boy of perhaps four or five with dark hair and huge black eyes, wearing a dress with little velvet bows on the shoulders, and it is a portrait of the Ambassador himself.

The Diplomatic Corps were, of course, much in evidence at this party, and Madame de Marees van Swinderen told me that when the Netherlands Minister retires they intend to divide their time between London, where they have bought a house, New York and The Hague. It really is hard to realise that Madame van Swinderen has three grandchildren, who are now staying in the country with their mother, Mrs. Hoyer Millar.

Lady Salisbury, all in sapphire blue with a large hat to match, was chatting to relays of friends; little Lady Plunket wore a big hat tied under her chin with velvet ribbons; Mrs. Philip de Laszlo came with her youngest son, Johnnie, and others I saw were Violet, Duchess of Rutland, who has a Royal fondness for her umbrella, from which she is very rarely parted, the Maharani of Cooch Behar wearing a golden sari, Prince and Princess Ali Khan and Princess Bibesco, who apologised to her host in rapid French for coming in evening dress as she was on her way to an early dinner.

At large rather formal parties such as this people have a tiresome way of unconsciously playing the old game of "clumps," but Madame Régis de Oliveira manoeuvred her guests about in such masterly fashion that they had no suspicion of it themselves, which is, perhaps, the secret of being a good hostess and one possessed by the few.



Copley

#### H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL REVIEWS THE GIRL GUIDES AT SANDRINGHAM

With H.R.H., seen taking the salute from 3,000 Girl Guides, who marched past her in Sandringham Park, are Lady Somerleyton, the County Commissioner, and Captain H. J. Cator. The Princess Royal presented the Guides' Medal of Merit to Brownie Betty Willrick for bravery for saving the life of her youngest sister in a fire, and presented her own banner to the 1st Suffield Park Guides



Lenare

#### MISS FINOLA FITZ- GERALD

A charming picture of the débutante daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, the brother and sister-in-law of Sir John FitzGerald, the 21st Knight of Kerry. Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald is a daughter of Captain Frank Forester, a famous former Master of the Quorn



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#### LADY LEIGHTON AND HER CHILDREN AT LOTON PARK, SHREWSBURY

The most recent arrival in the family, Judith Irene Kathleen, born this year. Lavinia is the other daughter, and the son and heir's name is Michael. Lady Leighton, extremely good-looking wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Richard Leighton, is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Albert Lees, of Rowton Castle, Shrewsbury, and was married in 1932

A famous club's annual week-end party at Le Touquet fell this year a little short of expectations.

To begin with, there seemed to be fewer people than usual, and reports of a waiters' strike in hotels may have had something to do with this.

But the gambling in the Casino was as thrilling as ever, with the usual crowd of tired players rather shy about facing the morning light when the time came to go back to their hotels.

Mrs. Corrigan, also as usual, entertained generously. Her dinner party on the Saturday evening was the largest in the restaurant.

Lady Brownlow was one of the prettiest of the feminine visitors at Le Touquet, and she varied the usual week-end programme by dashing over to Longchamp for the midnight racing.

Lord and Lady Stavordale, the Queensberrys, Lord Sefton, Lord Forbes, and Lady Dufferin, whose frocks were, of course, original, were among the visitors.

Several people flew back to London, leaving at about 6.30 after an all-night sitting at the tables! One result of this was that there was an unusual silence among Mayfair telephones until a late hour in the afternoon.

\* \* \*

If you haven't been to the midnight racing at Longchamp you have missed a real thrill.

The fun starts at 10.30. There is a special stand where, rather after the manner of our London Casino, guests can dine, wine, and dance (but for a sum a great deal bigger than is charged in London!). They can also watch the racing on a floodlit course on which, by some optical illusion,

(Continued overleaf)



## PANORAMA—continued

horses appear to be running faster and better than in the daytime.

Lady Brownlow, as I have said, was one of the many week-enders who came over from Le Touquet to see the racing, and generous, popular Lady Ravensdale was another of the English contingent present.

The Maharajah of Kashmir came with friends, having motored all through the day after a sudden decision made in London to visit the races.

Besides the French President, his wife and numerous ambassadors in the special stand, there were French women in their smartest evening dresses with original and startling head-dresses and hats!

Altogether, midnight racing is novel, exciting and ultra-fashionable.

\* \* \*  
Our "visitors from overseas" are still being entertained, receptions go on almost every night.

Sir Firoz Khan and Lady Noon invited guests to India House to meet Lady Linlithgow, wife of the Viceroy of India, who, with her daughters, the Ladies Anne and Joan Hope, is in England for a holiday. Lady Linlithgow, standing at the head of the stairs with her host and hostess, wore grey and silver.

Lady Brabourne, wife of the Governor of Bombay, wore an impressive tiara of emeralds and diamonds, Lady Willingdon was another guest. Indians and Europeans in India during the time Lord Willingdon was Viceroy remember her as the most gracious *châtelaine* who has ever presided at Viceregal Lodge in Simla, or in the Viceroy's house in New Delhi.

Men, smothered in decorations, caught the eye on every side; jewels sparkled in brightly coloured turbans. The Nepalese Minister in particular seemed to have amassed more in the way of decorations than any other man in the room.

All "decorations," however, seemed insignificant beside the collar of emeralds and diamonds worn by the Nawab of Bhawalpur, which consisted of plaques of diamonds surrounding an immense square emerald, strung in three or four rows and reaching down to the wearer's breast.

\* \* \*  
Stamp collecting and an active interest in politics are not hobbies one usually associates with eager young *débutantes* enjoying their first season. However, the Hon. Valerie Mansfield specialises in both, although her political enthusiasms have not yet carried her so far as taking a course at the Bonar Law College at Ashridge Park, Lord Brownlow's old house, where so many young Conservatives are moulded into good speakers and workers for the cause.

Miss Mansfield looked very

attractive the other evening at the coming-out ball given for her by her mother, Lady Sandhurst, at the Savoy Hotel. Her white frock had touches of Harrow blue on it, and blue cornflowers were mixed with white flowers in her bouquet, while dark blue and pink flowers were used to decorate the ball-room—quite an appropriate touch in Eton and Harrow week.

The material comfort of the guests was well provided for. The band shut down from 12.30 for an hour and a quarter while guests went in to supper. Upstairs a well-supplied buffet was set up in one of the reception rooms, and later it was transformed into a breakfast-room where late guests (and there were plenty of them) were able to have breakfast before going home.

Lady Iris Mountbatten was easily the most graceful dancer in the room. Lady Enniskillen brought her step-daughter, Lady Kitty Cole, and Princess Wiasemsky, who was a dinner hostess for the dance, accompanied Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky—one of the most popular *débutantes* of the season, who danced energetically all through the evening.

Just to encourage the young people to get better acquainted the band played a Paul Jones, and a shower of balloons which landed unexpectedly on the dancers added to the general merriment.



AT THE ROYAL SHOW AT WOLVERHAMPTON

"The Royal," as this great agricultural show is universally abbreviated, was held at Wolverhampton this year. In this picture of interested spectators are Mr. Geoffrey Turner, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, and Lord and Lady Dartmouth. The latter live at Patshull House, which is near Wolverhampton. Lady Dartmouth is a daughter of the late Lord Lincolnshire.



THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK AS "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER" AT THE "ANTI-DUD" BALL

There were no duds on the committee of Mr. Cecil Beaton's original entertainment, which he called his "Scrap Album" and which was held at the Dorchester yesterday (13th) in aid of the special appeal for £50,000 for the development of the British Provident Association.

\* \* \*  
Peering at the very attractive collection of presents, including a beautiful turquoise bracelet from Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, at Miss Daphne Kingsmill's wedding to Mr. John Purbrick, one of the guests was heard to murmur, "Like Naples, I only want to see my lamp and die."

The reception at Lower Grove, behind Lord's, was half in the house and half in the garden, where the bride came out before cutting the cake, and made a charming figure with the sun shining on her gleaming golden dress. The small children, some of whom followed her up the nave and some of whom refused at the critical moment, had a great time tearing about the garden, with prolonged intervals devoted to the consumption of ices and strawberry tarts. The expression of contempt that appeared on the face of one child when offered a caviare sandwich by a tall footman, and the way in which she said, "I don't want that nasty black stuff," was a study not to be missed.

\* \* \*  
A good ball in a good cause (The Chelsea Boys' Club) is planned at Ranelagh for to-morrow evening. President and Chairman Lady Louis Mountbatten is anxious to double the sum raised last year. Leading polo teams, like the Swallows, the Wallabys, the Wanderers, and others, have promised to do their best to help her realise her wish.

At a cocktail party last week Lady Louis, in a short, faintly pink and black printed frock, put her plans before friends. The Yuvaraja of Mysore listened attentively and promised to take tickets.



# AT LADY SANDHURST'S DANCE For Her DAUGHTER



MISS PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS  
AND LORD TOWNSHEND



LORD AND LADY SANDHURST  
AND MRS. LINDSAY EVERARD



THE HON. DAVID RHYS AND  
LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE



MR. TONY PAWSON AND  
LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN



LORD AND LADY ILLINGWORTH



MISS ELIZABETH BROMLEY AND  
MR. CHARLES HARDINGE

The guest of the evening at Lady Sandhurst's dance at the Savoy last week was the only daughter of the house, the Hon. Valerie Mansfield, looking appropriately pleased with life in the picture on the bottom of this page with two friends. Lord and Lady Sandhurst gave a dinner party before the dance and many other people also gave dinners and brought their guests on with them. Young Lord Townshend, who is seen with Miss Scott-Ellis and who had his coming-of-age party this year at Raynham, was one of Lord and Lady Sandhurst's dinner guests, and so were Mr. Reginald Weber and Mr. Richard Le Fleming. The Hon. David Rhys, seen sitting out with Lady Oranmore and Browne, is Lord Dynevor's youngest son and married Lady Anne Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's only daughter. Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's only child, seen with Mr. Tony Pawson, is reputed to hold the record of dances for this extraordinarily busy season—so far. Lord Illingworth, who at the moment he was sniped by the camera was forming part of the audience, married as his second wife (in 1931) Miss Margaret Wilberforce, who, like himself, is North Country, Yorkshire to be precise

(On right) MR. REGINALD WEBER, THE HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD (THE GUEST OF THE EVENING) AND MR. RICHARD LE FLEMING

Photos: Swaabe





# THE CINEMA

Foul and Fair

By JAMES AGATE

NOT long ago I got caught in a shower in Hampstead, and sheltering under the same shop sun-blind was a policeman as pink as Alfred Drayton. "Awful weather, sir, is it not?" said he to me respectfully. Though his accent seemed to me the Welshest I had ever set ears on I tentatively enquired whether he might be Welsh or English, and was immediately given the answer: "I am not *either* thing—I come from Monmouth!" Whereupon the weather also decided to become not either thing, and we parted on our several ways. I am reminded of this story by Robert Montgomery's performance of Danny in the screen version of Emlyn Williams's *Night Must Fall*, the very successful new film at the Empire. The accent Mr. Montgomery adopts is not consistent with itself. He begins and ends the film speaking an unmistakable Southern Irish, but all through the middle he is using the cadences of North Wales and obviously imitating the accent of Mr. Williams's stage performance. Then there are one or two occasions, not at all frequent, of course, when he merely lapses into the tongue of his wonted young man of the screen, smartly dressed and incapable of meanness, much less murder. For example, once, and possibly twice, this Danny says: "I *am* sorry!" with the second word heavily accented in our own urban way. The Irishman would run the first two words together and give the third the accent, with an irresistible downward slur to make any non-Irishman at once accept the apology. The Welshman would also give the third word the accent, with a rising emphasis even on its second syllable to make any non-Welshman feel grudging at still remaining annoyed. In this case Mr. Montgomery's way is not either thing!

The new Danny is a clever copy of the original. It is not more than that, though it obviously set out to be an Irish counterpart. Hardly has the film Danny set foot in the bungalow of the old lady who is to employ him and whom he is to murder, than he becomes a Welshman. Or, rather, a charming, tall and rather Irish-looking actor imitating a little Welshman. The replica is exact and slavish. Only in one little matter can we detect Mr. Montgomery daring to depart from Mr. Williams, and that is in the substitution of a battered old cap for the latter's cheeky pill-box. Mr. Williams used often to touch this and draw his hand rapidly away in a little salute at once odd and characteristic. Mr. Montgomery has failed to note this gesture and loses much because of it. The original Danny, surmounted by his pill-box, had a cocky charm if you did not look into his murderous eyes. The screen Danny does not in himself suggest that he would hurt more than a fly, or go further in the way of murder than trapping rabbits and skinning them in the kitchen. Mr. Williams contrived to be foul; Mr. Montgomery is only fair.

Like its chief performance the film itself is an almost over-faithful reproduction of the play. Some of the circumstances are identical. Dame May Whitty repeats her superb performance of the horribly selfish old woman who almost deserved the fate that met her. This detailed study of egotism at its worst is by many streets the best thing in the film, and it was only Mr. Williams's own genius in horrid suggestion which prevented it from nearly always seeming the best thing in his play. Kathleen Harrison, too, is again the cook with the devastating tongue and the manner and walk of a plain-spoken soul with no nonsense about her. But the rest is substitution and loss. The more I see of other actresses in the part of the bespectacled companion, Olivia, the more I admire the original study of Angela Baddeley. It is a part which it is extremely difficult to keep likely, and Miss



JUNE KNIGHT IN "THE LILAC DOMINO"

United Artists are presenting this Capitol-Cecil Production at the London Pavilion on July 19 with beautiful June Knight as Shari, the up-to-date Budapest school-girl who has many adventures with the dashing Count Anatole, the Hungarian Hussar. It is a film full of colour and thrill



Baddeley not only achieved this but kept it from being tiresome as well. The film of *Craig's Wife* showed that Rosalind Russell is best cast in parts of sheer hardness. It is perhaps not Miss Russell's fault that she makes so wearisome a sphinx of Olivia. But at least she could have given her a less excruciating form of ladylikeness and a great deal more variety of expression and of arm-movement. Miss Russell dangles her arms

throughout the film for all the world as if she were shopping in Kensington High Street and could not find anything worth buying or even worth picking up to look at.

What a dear, old-fashioned thing the cinema is in comparison with the up-to-date theatre! Take incidental music. If Mr. Williams himself or Mr. Barré Lyndon in the course of one of his up-to-date melodramas had recourse in the theatre to tunes played *tremolo*, there would be an incredulous titter in the stalls and a general murmur of "How too Victorian!" Yet this film makes an unabashed use of an orchestra composed apparently of 'cellos, wood-wind and harp, and there is no word of protest at the Empire. It begins with a scene in the woods around the bungalow with much music accompanied by a deal of bird-song. Later on the old lady cannot be wheeled by Danny into her garden without the same melodious outbreak. Worse still, Olivia's fantasia on the possibility of murderers going unarrested and corpses undiscovered is accompanied by appropriate orchestrations. This verbal flight is sufficiently improbable without them. There is too much drama in Mr. Williams's play, and even in this film so sedulously copied from it, to need any musical pointer. The same hardly applies to most other film-thrillers where any kind of distraction is only too welcome.

It is only fair to add that the nasty head in the hat-box business is equally well communicated in the film, and that an enormous audience was obviously as thrilled by the whole thing as I was by the stage version.



## LADIES v. MEN AT WEST BYFLEET



CAPTAIN JOHN CRAIGIE, MRS. DOUGLAS FISH  
AND MRS. CARBUTT



MRS. LE ROY BURNHAM'S SEALYHAMS  
WERE THERE, TOO



MR. ROGER WETHERED, MISS MOLLY  
GOURLAY AND MISS JEAN HAMILTON



MR. GUY BENNETT AND  
MRS. STEWART



MRS. DUDLEY CHARLES WITH SIR JOHN AND  
LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY



MRS. JOHN CRAIGIE, CAPTAIN D. S. PEP-  
LOE AND MAJOR G. LE ROY BURNHAM

The New Zealand Golf Club at West Byfleet was the scene of this encounter which resulted indecisively, being halved. It is an annual function and was originally a contest between a team of men skippered by Major G. Le Roy Burnham and a ladies' team under the leadership of Miss Joyce Wethered—as she then was. Early in this year Miss Wethered was married to Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, and Mrs. Douglas Fish took over the ladies' side. Its former captain, however, still figures as a playing member and her husband forms part of the opposition. Sir John is Joint-Master with his brother, Mr. Derrick Amory, of the Tiverton; their father, the late Sir Ian Amory, was Master of them for twenty years from 1910. Mr. Roger Wethered played for England against Scotland every year from 1922 to 1930, and six times for Great Britain against America. He won the Amateur Championship in 1923. Miss Molly Gourlay won the Ladies' Amateur Championship in 1926



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



MR. N. FRIEZE

Mr. N. Frieze is a Bradford business man whose comparatively new colours have sprung into prominence. He owns Mickey the Greek, who won the July Cup from start to finish, beating Daytona and Veuve Clicquot

whole place is packed out solid with people who have come with no intention of bidding, while the prospective buyers who have been looking at the horses outside can hardly get in to bid, let alone get a seat. On the whole the class of animal that came up was very moderate. One or two appeared to be sold by the ounce, but there were some bargains to be had, notably amongst the Aga Khan's lot, which didn't attract much of an attendance. There was nothing much of interest in the last two days' racing except the win of Finalist, who was applauded as he sailed home with his ears cocked. The weather was bestial, and the usual straw boaters and flannels worn at the meeting were never produced.

Ally Pally in blistering heat on the Saturday gave punters their usual number of favourites, but by Sunday it was blowing a hurricane and I cancelled my Monday aeroplane to Nottingham. It was here that Carslake was unlucky to get two broken ribs when his leather broke a furlong from home. His horse went on and disappeared over a bank on the other side of which was said to be a canal, into which he avoided falling. Some years ago when Bam Blair was riding, his mount Vive fell at the Canal turn in the National, and carrying on straight to its front jumped into the canal, just short-heading the intrepid Bam, who dived in after him and brought him out. It's a very uncomfortable and rather unsafe thing this mixed bathing with horses, especially when wearing top boots. A horse, for some inscrutable reason, if he gets into a canal or brook, never makes any serious attempt to get out. After a very half-hearted struggle he generally allows himself to fall over backwards on top of you, after which he goes up or down stream in a series of plunges

HERE seems to be a great falling off in the number of yearlings sold at the First July Sales, but no falling off in the number of spectators when the National Stud yearlings come up. This is one of the fashionable gatherings of the week, so much so that the

which enables him to get his forelegs through the reins. These he then winds round a snag or root, and lying down on his side puts his head under water and gives everything up for lost. If made to try he kicks you in the face and turns over on his back where he lies with you holding his head out of the water till men with ropes and spades get him out. I expect a good many owners wouldn't bother the men with the ropes.

The week-end was that chosen by a small but incredibly select club to stage their golf tournament, which under the Defence of the Realm Act (see paragraph III, "Riotous Assemblies") has to be held abroad. One of their number, a very gentle parfit knight, observing that a transatlantic lady was rapidly becoming unable to carry the load she had so gaily taken on earlier in the evening, assisted her from the chemmy table to a taxi and to her hotel. Creeping paralysis having started to set in and there being no femmes de chambre about at that hour he manfully half-carried her to her room, and averting his eyes unfrocked her, pulled the clothes over her and left her screaming for a doctor. In the hall whom should he meet but a fellow member whose ignorance of foreign languages is balanced



SIR D'ARCY LINDSAY SKETCHED AT "ALLY PALLY"

Sir D'Arcy Lindsay is well known on the Turf in "The Shiny" as well as in this country, as he used to race in India in days gone by. "The Tout's" sketch shows him absorbed in returns of racing posted at Alexandra Park

by his ability to give a perfect imitation of them. No sooner did he hear the tale than he adopted the role of a volatile French doctor and entered the lady's room. "Tournez vous sur l'estomac" he ordered the moaning woman, and striking her sharply on both sides of the plinth he announced, "How you call reflexes O.K." Then handing her one in

(Continued on p. xxiv)

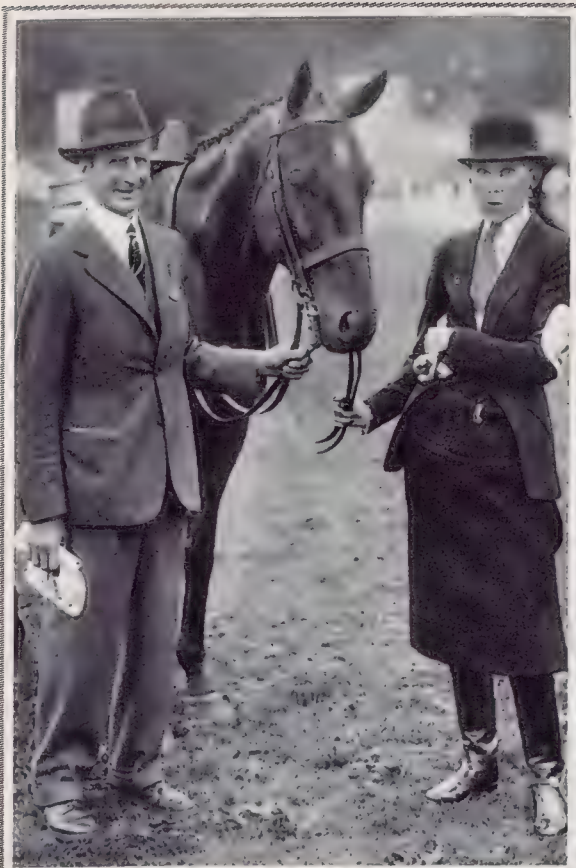


MR. R. MIDDLEMAS

Mr. Middlemas won the Royal Hunt Cup with Fairplay, one of the most consistent performers of the season. Prior to his Ascot win, Fairplay annexed the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park and dead-heated with Laureat II for the Queen Elizabeth Cup at Lingfield. Mr. Middlemas trains with Percy Allden at Newmarket



## THE ALDERSHOT SHOW



MAJOR H. MISA AND LADY VERONICA  
HORNBY



MR. J. B. NELSON, LADY JANE NELSON  
AND MR. G. P. HOBBS



THE HON. NOREEN STONOR  
AND FRIEND



MR. MERVYN VERNON AND LADY  
VIOLET VERNON



BRIGADIER C. W. N. AND MRS.  
NORRIE WITH THEIR DAUGHTER



Miss Jane Carr and Major  
A. Fetherstonhaugh

Although the mechanisation of the Army still goes on, the old enthusiasm for the horse remains, and the Aldershot Show is as good as ever. Major H. Misa has been well known as an owner and G.R. over the sticks ever since his early days as a subaltern. Lady Veronica Hornby is Lord Dufferin's sister. Mr. Nelson, who is in the Grenadier Guards, married in 1936 Lady Jane Fitzroy, a relative of the Duke of Grafton. The Hon. Noreen Stonor was a winner in the ring; she is Lord Camoys' younger daughter. Mr. Mervyn Vernon is another Grenadier and he married Lady Violet Baring, Lord Cromer's younger daughter, early this year. Brigadier C. W. N. Norrie, who is seen here with his wife and daughter, was Chairman of the Committee of the Show, which was under the Presidency of General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Aldershot



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Varied Adventures.

**E**ACH of us leads two lives, because in each of us there seem to be two people leading two kinds of existence. The inner one has an individual life all its own, and is, I suppose, what is called "our real self." Fortunately or unfortunately, it is dragged hither and thither by the life which has to be led by the body in a corporate social existence. Well, an autobiography of this inner life—which, albeit, is only half-possible under any circumstances—usually makes the far more memorable book. On the other hand, the outer life always makes the far more exciting story. It is this outer life which makes such an interesting series of unusual adventures in Mr. Leonard Mosley's new autobiography, "So Far, So Good" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). In any case, he is only now in his early twenties, so the inner self is, so to speak, still in its A B C stage of development. But for a young man he has certainly led already a strange, unusual, adventurous life, and he has turned it to admirable account in his most unconventional, amusing, as well as entertaining and always interesting, new book. He was brought up in the somewhat humdrum worthiness of a Manchester suburb. But at seventeen he decided to become a journalist—which, together with art, music, the stage, and other one-man businesses, is simply asking for anxiety and something which is half-discomfort, half-joy, but always possessed of the sense of being gloriously alive. At eighteen, with a roving commission from a London editor to write articles about America, to be accepted only if suitable, he set sail in a freighter from Salford Docks with a cargo of cattle bound for Montreal, in the working capacity of "nursemaid" to bulls! About which, incidentally, he knew nothing, but learned quite a lot before he reached his destination.

Once in Canada, and after a few comparatively ordinary experiences, he landed in the U.S.A., hopeful, but practically penniless. In a short time, however, he got a job as under-manager to a chain of burlesque theatres—a burlesque theatre being apparently a theatre where the audience, mostly men, expect to be thoroughly bored three-quarters of the way through the entertainment, but alert as fishes when the "star turn" comes on to take off her clothes in a "strip-tease" act: which, seemingly, is very different from the dull and decorous performances of this salacious nit-wittery which we saw recently in London. Realising that this, although valuable as experience, led nowhere, he threw up the job, bought an antique Ford car for £15, and in it crossed the continent of America, eventually landing in Los Angeles in time for an earthquake and coming to rest in Hollywood, preparatory to returning to England to become a popular novelist and well-known journalist. This, however, is only a brief outline of an autobiography which is full of varied and strange happenings, and told with that "eye" for arresting effect which is the sign of a first-class journalist and the one effect which makes an autobiography of this kind good entertainment from beginning to end.

Much of the book, however, is of more value than mere entertainment. His description of poverty in the U.S.A., his picture of life in the big steel works of Allentown and elsewhere, give more than one pungent reason why the present strikes in America came to a head so violently. Again, the strange story which lies behind the once "lost" colony inhabiting Crusoe Island is as curious as it is dramatic. The Hollywood chapter describes only what we expected of that "unreal" community. The writer became one of those film-star boosters who keep their jobs only so long as there is no hint of film-star debunking. He "debunked" and got "pushed."

Then he came home. From beginning to end there isn't a dull page in the whole book. It is racy and alive, morally unconventional and politically a bit "Red." But these latter are to be expected and welcomed in a young man's autobiography. He has got so much to tell us about his outer life that his inner life has only just begun to feel its way about, so to speak. And his outer life is more full of queer happenings and queer adventures than most people can pack into a whole existence. It is a first-rate beginning for any existence if only one has the adventurous spirit and the necessary pluck. Mr. Mosley has the true journalist's gift of both, and he knows how to employ them for our excitement as well as his.

## "Idealists" in Practice.

**T**he characters in Mr. Robert Eton's new novel, "Not in Our Stars" (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.), did what lots of us want to do—depart to a remote island which no nation wants and few people know of, in the event of yet another Great War to end wars. Unfortunately for their theory, with one exception they were all so useless, except for talking purposes, that it was not so much an experiment in miniature of Communism as a fiasco of effeteness. On the distaff side the women all echoed the Red Flag "brotherhood" expounded by their menfolk, without, on their part, possessing the ability to boil an egg, or, moreover, the willingness to do so! The men get down to it a bit more, but after a few hours' labour in the garden or among the fields, they return, demanding a hot bath and a cocktail, and seem "chilled" when these things are out of the question—with water to be pumped from a well and cocktails non-existent, because the old farmer and his wife, who alone really lived on the island, had suddenly decamped in the middle of the night on the private yacht of the rich idealist who had brought his friends there as a means of escape. And no wonder the old couple departed thus! Up to the moment of their departure the Idealists had simply expected them to do all the work, while they themselves talked of sex, perversion, anarchy, capitalism, etc., in that "bright" manner which makes certain Bloomsbury and Chelsea intellectual coteries so noisily dull.

(Continued on page 58)



Pearl Freeman

MISS SALLY RYAN,

THE YOUNG CANADIAN SCULPTRESS

The other person in the picture is not one of his owner's models, as her work takes a different direction—busts of Toscanini and other great ones of the earth. Miss Sally Ryan is only twenty and has won favour from Epstein, amongst many other people. Her sculpture is on exhibition at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street



MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS OFF DUTY FROM "BLACK LIMELIGHT"

Her busy time playing the wife of a man wrongfully accused of murder does not give the heroine of "Black Limelight" much time for her pet relaxation, so instead of going down to the billowy ocean, she has to make do with a garden bathing-pool. "Black Limelight" is packing the Duke of York's



## A BALL AT THE ZOO!



LATE HOURS FOR LION MINOR—MISS PRISCILLA  
OTHER-GEE IS THE NURSE



MR. AND LADY  
GLORIA FISHER  
AND A FEW  
SERPENTS



MR. DUNCAN McCLURE AND MISS ANGELA WILLIAMS CALL ON  
MRS. PARROT AND FRIENDS



MRS. DAVID PHILIPS AND  
AN ENGAGING CHIMP.

This second annual ball in the Zoo was under the presidency of Lady Howard de Walden and organised by Mr. Seymour Leslie, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, and was, as may be gathered, a great success, especially with those who are fond of (shall we say?) livestock. Mr. and Lady Gloria Fisher, she being one of Lord and Lady Lisburne's daughters, were in Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's party. They are braver than most, for one of the snakes with which they are playing is a python and the other a boa-constrictor. Neither of them poisonous but apt to be a bit awkward at times, especially when vexed or hungry. There is a notice up in the parrot-house that visitors handle the inmates at their own risk, but they seem moderately friendly with Miss Angela Williams; and the Chimp. and Mrs. David Philips likewise seem to be having a most enjoyable and very peaceful tête-à-tête. The Actors' Benevolent Fund Ball, which is to be held at Grosvenor House on July 14th (to-day), has for its Chairman of the young Committee Sir Charles Mappin's charming half-sister. Mrs. Philips, who was a 1935 débutante, is the former Miss Daphne Duke, and is a daughter of Mrs. Percy Duke



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Thuswise: "It's the duty to the community to look as nice as we can; that's where all you men fail in clothes, especially compared with your great-grandfathers. Creased trousers would stand a poor chance in the seduction stakes against green silk breeches and a shapely calf; it's a most extraordinary mistake, you know, to think that it's only men who like to see a nice-turned leg and ankle; women get just as much kick out of it, don't we?" And, indeed, they all did. So the usual sex game was most enjoyed by everyone, while the necessary hack-work of living at all was merely indulged in through sheer necessity.

Worse arrived on the lonely island, however, when Lady Letty dropped in on the scene from a wrecked aeroplane. She was the Complete Society Nit-wit. No wonder she came up against "Seal" Anson, who had had perforce to become a Dictator because all the rest of the gang loathed work. It so rudely interrupted talk. Like so many women, on the strength of her pretty body Lady Letty expected men to work for her. When she found that unless she took a small hand in the day's labours she would starve, she naturally joined the "insurrectionists." In the end, however, the idealists are saved from their experiment by the sudden return of the old farmer and his wife in the purloined yacht. Whereupon they all made a joyful return to civilisation, which became even more joyful when they discovered that there never had been a war at all. Like themselves, it was all "talk." So, you see, the story is, in its way, an entertaining parable. It might have been more amusing, perhaps, if all the characters had not been so essentially among those on whom a bomb might have exploded without causing the least loss to anybody.

## Quiet Comedy.

What I like so much about Mr. Richard Lockbridge's book, "Mr. and Mrs. North" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), is that Mr. and Mrs. North are really Mr. and Mrs. Everybody. Certainly you and indisputably me! It is not the kind of funny book which raises a guffaw, perhaps not even a chuckle, but inwardly you will be smiling all the while you read it. Not one of the chapters makes a comic story. Nevertheless, the domestic adventures of Mr. and Mrs. North are common to all of us. Most of them you may have forgotten all about until, reading them, you remember that just that "once happened to me"—only it was not farcical enough to make a "good story" against oneself. Who, for instance, has not gone through that agony of waiting and "timing" when someone who has promised to return as "quiet as a mouse," so as not to disturb anybody, comes back and, in imagination, you follow his suppressed movements until he has reached his own bedroom and got into bed—only, strangely enough, he always seems to take an hour longer than you lie awake calculating he should, and always you hear him move about! Or that other agony when your partner at bridge, you realise, has forgotten that the ace is "out" and you sit fuming in agony, as a "dummy," watching her lose all the leading cards and thus the game. Again, who has not sat through a highbrow concert and, like Mr. North, found themselves fascinated by the ears in front of them and "deaf" to the music?

Also, there is that lovely conversational revolt by Mr. North when, at the end of a party in which everybody has been airing their views violently, and he has had to remain mere "background," because he had no view to air, suddenly, in desperation, takes a hand in the game. "Debate raged about Mr. North, nobody trying to draw him in, and he felt more and more numb. He perceived that there was something the matter with him. He was shut off from a grand turmoil of emotions. He didn't love, didn't hate. But he must hate something. He tried to think of something he hated. There were vegetable plates, of course. He hated them all right. But he didn't see how he could work them into the conversation. He found himself absurdly hoping that vegetable plates would arise and give him a chance to take a stand. But the conversation did not touch vegetarianism. The virtues of Italian opera were disputed, and there was a brisk battle over 'The Fountain.' Both subjects left Mr. North cold. He despaired. Alone and cold, he drifted, ready to snap back if the chance came. It didn't come." And I love the chapter when Mr. and Mrs. North hang up a picture of an elderly gentleman, not because they knew who he was, but because he "went with the room":

"'Look,' said Mr. North. 'If we're going to hang it up, we'd have to know who it was. You can't hang just any man over the sofa. It's a portrait. You can't just go hanging portraits of strange people about.' 'Well,' said Mrs. North, 'wouldn't you hang a Sargent? Wouldn't you hang a Rembrandt? . . . ' 'It's this way,' went on Mr. North. 'There are portraits that are pictures, and when people look at them they are surprised and delighted and say, maybe, "My God!" And then there are the other kind, and people say "Who is it?" This is a who-is-it, and you can't hang who-is-its in a room unless it is their room.' By all of which quotation you will see that Mr. Richard Lockbridge's humour is of that "quiet" brand which is so amusing because it touches on funny moments in unfunny life. When the summer temperature is flirting with the eighties in the shade, I can think of no more amusing

companion. Outwardly you may not be dying from laughter, but inwardly you will be smiling and chuckling all over.

## Be Your Own Detective.

On the other hand, quite a number of people don't yearn to chuckle through their idle hours: they yearn to "agonise" in the cross-word manner. For them, let me recommend "Who Killed Robert Prentice?" (Hutchinson; 3s. 6d.), by Dennis Wheatley and J. G. Links. It is a companion volume to their previous "Murder Off Miami." The main part consists of a portfolio containing letters, scraps of paper, railway tickets, and a portion at the end which must remain unbroken until you have guessed who did murder Mr. Prentice, whereupon you may break it open to discover if you are right or wrong. It is all first-rate entertainment, and a good game can be played if several people read the first part, state their own "case," and together open the sealed solution, with a "bet on it" to make it more exciting still.



A COSTERS' GALA: PERCY RAINHAM AND JOYCE WHITE  
WITH THEIR ALSO BEDIZENED "MOKE"

The Blue Cross Branch of Our Dumb Friends' League held their annual pony and donkey show in Kensington Palace Fields recently. This contented donkey, with his "pearled" and "fevvered" owners, was on parade on this occasion



## THE FINEST PLUM IN THE BASKET



## CELEBRITIES AT THE CONGRATULATORY DINNER TO SIR PELHAM WARNER—BY "MEL"

In last week's "Tatler" there appeared a page of photographs taken at the dinner given to celebrate the knighthood conferred on Sir Pelham Warner—known as "Plum" not only to his intimates but to millions whom he has never seen. The host of the occasion was Mr. Henry S. Horne, who is included in this further page of celebrities seen through no lens but through the possibly more truthful eye of "Mel." It was a memorable occasion, honouring as it did one of those men who can achieve sportsmanship on such a plane that they become permanent, and not evanescent, national figures. It was a gay occasion, too, and many amusing speeches were made, notably by Lord Tennyson. The guest of honour modestly suggested that "he had been lucky in catching the eye of the Selectors"





#### "THE BRIGANDS" AT LE TOUQUET

Three of the raiders at one of the Brigands' bi-annual week-ends. In the group are Major-General Lord Hutchison of Montrose, who used to be an 11th Hussar; Lord Horne of Clackmannan, who is "Bertie" to his numerous friends; and Captain Peter Macdonald, the Member for the Isle of Wight, who married Lady Jean Cochrane, one of Lord Dundonald's sisters

I AM afraid I cannot write about that Ryder Cup match with a great deal of enthusiasm. The whole thing was such a depressing and disappointing business—everything from the weather to the result. I never thought we should win it, though I have to confess that when the Americans took a little longer to get into their stride than I expected, I did somewhat recant at the last moment; but I did hope that we should put up something of a show. As it was, one got the impression that our fellows were not even worthy to be ranked in the same class as their opponents. Their methods seemed for the most part highly individualistic, crude and unpolished: the Americans were the finished product. They all played as if they knew exactly what they were trying to do—and one was surprised if, for a single shot, they failed to do it.

Of course, the match had its cheerful aspects. Sam King's effort against Shute is never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to see him holing putts on each of the last three greens in the best American fashion to save his neck; and belated tribute must be added to those already showered on Dai Rees, the only man to remain unbeaten on both days. Cotton, too, came up to scratch, playing with at least as great an intensity as he has

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

ever devoted to his own private efforts (he is an excellent man for the team spirit, believe me)—but when you have said that, you have said everything.

We do not want to go too fully into the age-old controversy now, but it strikes me that one of the principal reasons why the Americans are so much superior to the British is that they are *so keen on golf*! Just that and no more. Of the British team at Southport, there are only three whom I should describe as being really keen on the game: they are Cotton, Rees and Cox. The rest seem content to just muddle along, brilliant on their good days, paralytic on their bad.

It is difficult to criticise Charles Whitcombe, one of the most universally popular men in sport to-day, who put his utmost into the match; but it has to be done. His order of play in the singles, I am quite sure, was ill advised. Nor is it a case of being wise after the event, for I was among many who were horrified by the order immediately it was made known. To leave out the enthusiastic Cox, who had carried a wayward partner on his massive shoulders on the previous day, was a cardinal error that could not have been committed by anyone who had seen the play in the foursomes. If only he had consulted the much-belittled Press, whose job it is to see these things! For the second time in succession he left out himself, which again was an error, for Padgham was clearly the man to go. Whitcombe, it is true, developed the "jitters" on the green in the foursomes, but that is a disease that is much less likely to attack one in a single. Next time we must have a non-playing captain.

I want to say something, too, if I may, now that we are handing out the hard words, about the arrangements made for this match in general. Firstly, it seems to me to be ridiculous that the choice of courses should be narrowed down purely by the consideration of money. The proceeds of this match, I know, form the basis of the fund on which the team is sent to the United States for the next match, but it was proved two years ago, when the public appeal was heavily over-subscribed, that the money can always be found from the public in general and from the golf manufacturers. There is no possible need to return for ever to Southport and Leeds. I feel that, for the biggest professional match known to the game, we owe it to our opponents to provide them with one of our best courses—and nothing that either Leeds or Southport has to offer comes within that category. That is not written in a narking spirit: my home course is Bedfordshire, for which I have an undying affection—but that is not a Ryder Cup course, either.

Twice in succession the event at Southport has resembled a cross between Coney Island and an ill-run Military Tattoo. The shouting is incessant and deafening; the stewarding, for all its weight of numbers, inefficient; while the catering is such as would inspire an immediate revolt in Dartmoor Prison. A friend of mine had two sandwiches, a small pork pie and two small beers—total, three shillings and fourpence. I don't object

to these prices, for my expenses are paid by a beneficent employer, but I hate to see thousands of "suckers" lured on to the course at five shillings per day, only to find that they must pay a shilling for a sandwich or go hungry. The secretary of the P.G.A. tells me the local Council are in charge of all the catering: four Council members said that the P.G.A. are responsible!



#### ALSO IN LE TOUQUET'S SUNSHINE

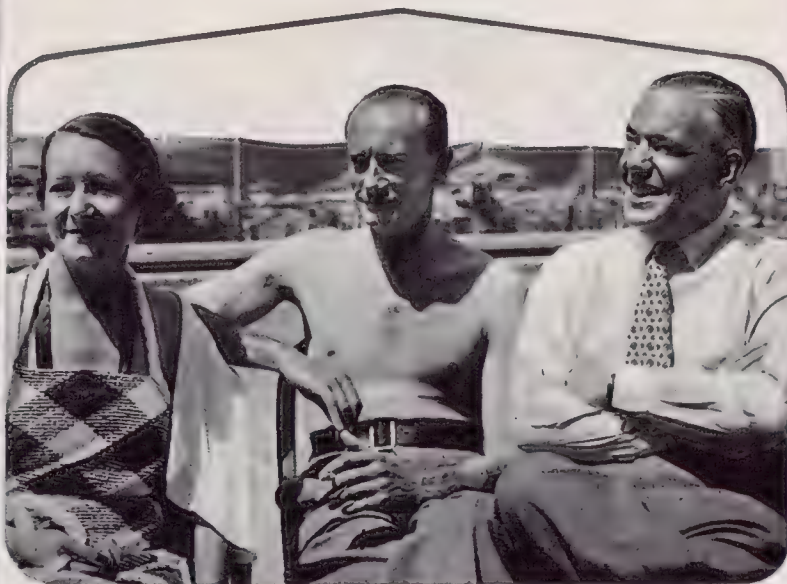
A picture taken in the garden of The Hermitage, and in it are Mr. and Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland, who are one of the most popular American couples in Europe, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller. Mr. Gilbert Miller's production of Mr. Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric Theatre, looks to be bound on a very long run



# GOLFING IN THE GOOD SUN AT DELECTABLE LE TOUQUET



MR. ROBIN WILSON LEAVING  
THE HERMITAGE



MAJOR AND MRS. CARLOS CLARKE  
AND BARON ALMEIDA



LORD HOPETOUN AND  
LADY LINLITHGOW



MR. GEOFFREY AKROYD AND  
MR. "QUINNEY" GILBEY



SOME HATS, AND CAPTAIN FRANK COVELL,  
LORD SEFTON, AND THE HON. DENZIL  
FORTESCUE IN JUST AN ORDINARY HAT



THE HON. JOHN HARE  
AND LORD TENNYSON

Some more snapshots taken at that pleasant spot, Le Touquet, appear on another page in this paper. This French golf course has one recommendation above all others, and it is this that it is in a country where the climate does not change completely between lunch- and cocktail-time, and all the people on this page were very busy getting done brown and also having some very good golf. A little catalogue of the above picture gallery goes something like this: Mr. Robin Wilson, who is a cousin of Lord Nunburnholme, fared forth in a bizarre colour-scheme—orange shirt, green hat, and white flannels. Mrs. Carlos Clarke is the former Comtesse de Pret-Roose, and Baron Almeida is a notable Parisian. Lady Linlithgow, wife of the Viceroy of India, who must be having a very trying time, is with her son, who is an Ensign in the Scots Guards (Supplementary Reserve). Mr. "Quinney" Gilbey, Sir Walter Gilbey's nephew, surely needs no introduction; and Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd is a very well-known stockbroker. For information of financiers in the Exchange Market it may be stated that Captain Frank Covell's and Lord Sefton's cowboy-type hats cost 15 francs a time. The Hon. John Hare, Lord Listowel's brother, is with an ex-cricket captain of England who is usually Lionel to his multitude of friends



## LADY CROSFIELD'S ANNUAL LAWN TENNIS "AT-HOME"



LORD AND LADY POLLINGTON

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT  
AND PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA

THE MISSES PARAVICINI

MISS RYAN AND MISS THELMA  
CAZALET, M.P.BARON FRANKENBERG, LADY CATHERINE RAMSDEN  
AND BARONESS HUBERTLORD JOHN HOPE AND MISS  
GEORGINA WERNHER

Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's annual Lawn Tennis after-Wimbledon At-home is one of the fixed feasts of the year to which everyone looks forward, and the stars and new stars who congregate play in the charming surroundings of Witanhurst, Highgate Village. Royalty, as will be observed, graced this present occasion, and though Prince Arthur's and Princess Helena Victoria's more favourite game is golf, they are always keenly interested in the big lawn tennis of the year. It is not only the big lawn tennis guns who enjoy themselves at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's party, and included in this page are some of the lesser lights and Miss Ryan, a very big doubles star of not so long ago. Miss Thelma Cazalet, who is with Miss Ryan, is the Member for Islington. Lord Pollington, Lord Mexborough's tall and good-looking son, married Captain and Mrs. Andrew Fletcher's daughter in 1930, and they have a rising family of two. Miss Paravicini and her sisters are the pretty daughters of H.E. the Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini. Lady Catherine Ramsden, Lord and Lady Ancaster's elder daughter, is sitting awhile with two distinguished visitors from abroad. Lord John Hope, younger son of the Viceroy of India, is with Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's débutante daughter. The party was in aid of the North Islington Infant Welfare Fund





Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane

LT.-COL. AND THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS BALFOUR AND THEIR DAUGHTER JANET.  
(ABOVE) THE CLEEVE, ROSS-ON-WYE

Lieut.-Colonel Balfour's beautiful old timbered house at Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, suggests itself as a fitting resting-place for a former Pro-Consul who has done a hard turn of service for our Empire. The owner is a former Governor of the Red Sea Province of the Soudan, justly rated as the next hottest place, bar one, of which you can think, and later of the Mongalla Province. Before all this, Lieut.-Colonel Balfour had been Military Governor of Baghdad after serving through that deadly Mesopotamia Campaign, and from 1924 to 1926 he was Military Secretary to Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras. He is a kinsman of the Earl of Balfour, and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, whom he married in 1920, is the elder of Lord and Lady Goschen's two daughters. Miss Janet Balfour is the only daughter, but a son Eustace, was born in 1921, and is seven years older than his sister





THE HON. EDYTH SMYTH, COLONEL DE BASIL, MRS. OSWALD BIRLEY  
AND TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA

## THE DE BASIL BALLET'S PARTY



IRINA BARONOVA AND YUREK SHABELEVSKY



MRS. KEITH NEWALL AND LORD LLOYD



MISS DIANA GOULD



SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER



LADY DASHWOOD AND MR. MAX  
MILLER

The very successful opening of Colonel W. de Basil's Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo at Covent Garden was followed by a party at which the above photographs were secured. Colonel de Basil, the mainspring of this delightful company, is seen above with Tatiana Riabouchinska, who is one of his stars; in the same picture is Mrs. Oswald Birley, wife of the well-known artist. Irina Baronova and Yurek Shabelevsky are also members of Colonel de Basil's talented troupe. Lord Lloyd is the very distinguished administrator who achieved a great reputation as Governor of Bombay and High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan. Sir Victor Warrender is the Member for Kesteven and Rutland, he is also Financial Secretary of the War Department. Lady Oxford and Asquith, who is a "regular" at all forms of æsthetic entertainment, was talking to Mr. Lionel Fielden when the camera found her. He is one of the chief officials of the Broadcasting Corporation of India



LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH  
AND MR. LIONEL FIELDEN



## AMONGST HENLEY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED



COMMANDER THE HON. HUMPHRY  
LEGGE (CHIEF CONSTABLE, BERKS)  
AND MRS. LEGGE



MISS ROSEMARY DAWSON, MISS  
MAGNIAC, AND MR. C. J. D. GOLDIE  
(OLD CAMBRIDGE BLUE)



MISS EMERALD RHODES AND LORD  
DESBOROUGH (OLD OXFORD BLUE)



MR. F. I. PITMAN (OLD CAMBRIDGE  
BLUE) AND MRS. PITMAN



MR. P. H. G. HARTLEY (OLD CAMBRIDGE  
BLUE), MRS. WORNUM AND MRS. BROADBENT



COLONEL THOMSON AND  
MRS. LYTTLEJOHN COOK

This page is one of all the talents of the Thames, and it is adventured that rarely have so many of the great ones in rowing history past and present been collected. It is almost all Eton with one memorable exception—Lord Desborough, who, in spite of his being a Harrovian, learnt to row extremely well. He was in the Oxford crews of 1877-78. Mr. C. J. D. Goldie, Eton first and then Cambridge crews, 1898-99, was a pupil of Rudy Lehmann, and W. A. L. Fletcher. Mr. F. I. Pitman, Eton Eight twice and taught by Dr. Warre, was in the Cambridge crews 1884-86, in which latter year he also won the Diamonds. Mr. P. H. G. Hartley, who is a House Master at Eton, where he was at School and in the Eight, was in the Cambridge crews of 1920-21-22. He served in the Coldstream in the war and was up at John's, Cambridge, after Eton. Colonel Thomson is the famous rowing coach who has forgotten more than many know. The Hon. Humphry Legge, Lord Dartmouth's brother, Chief Constable of Berks, is a Wet Bob of another kind, as he was a sailor; served all through the war and had the luck to be at the Battle of Jutland—despatches and a D.S.O. being his just reward



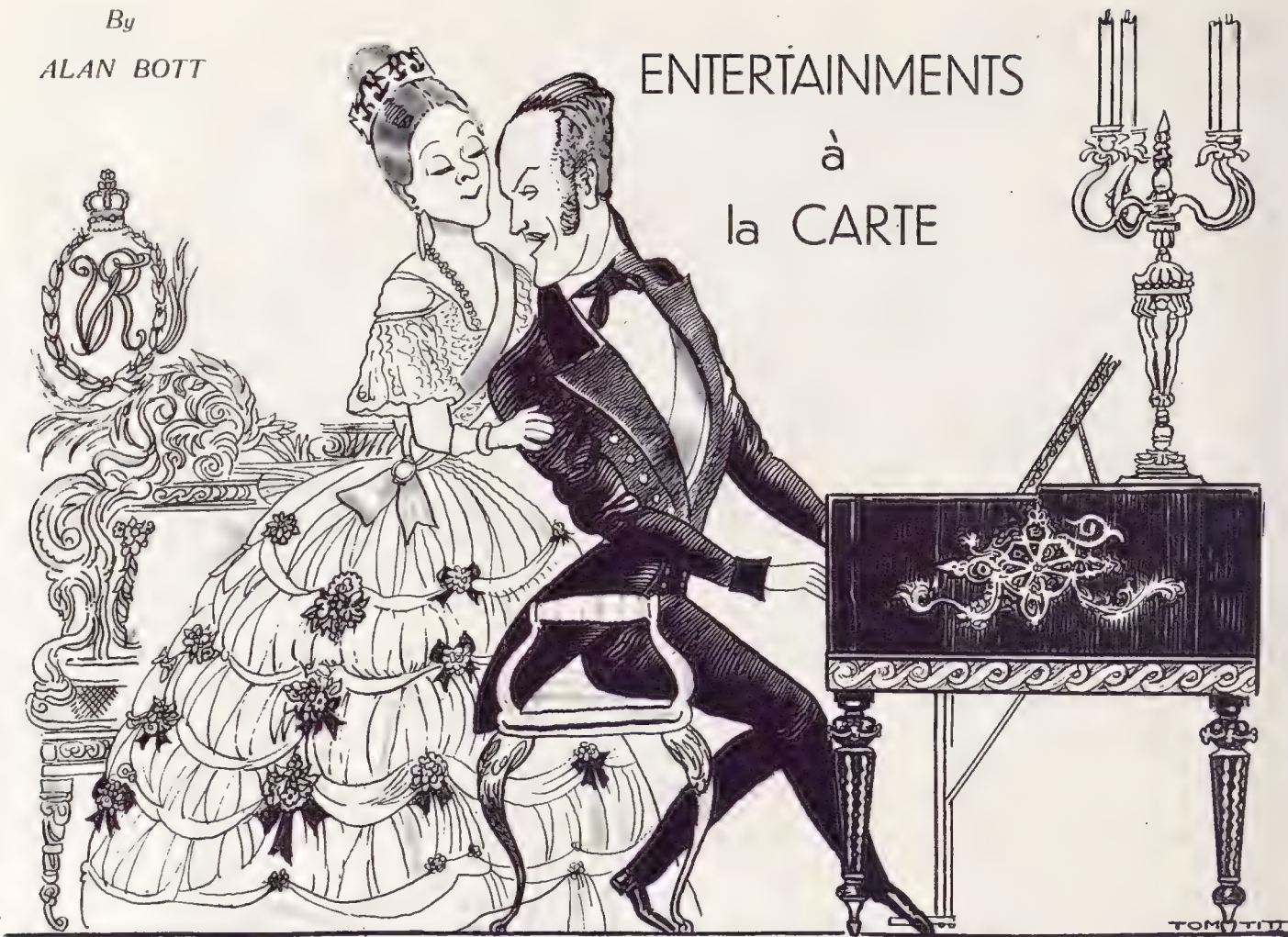
By

ALAN BOTT

## ENTERTAINMENTS

à

la CARTE

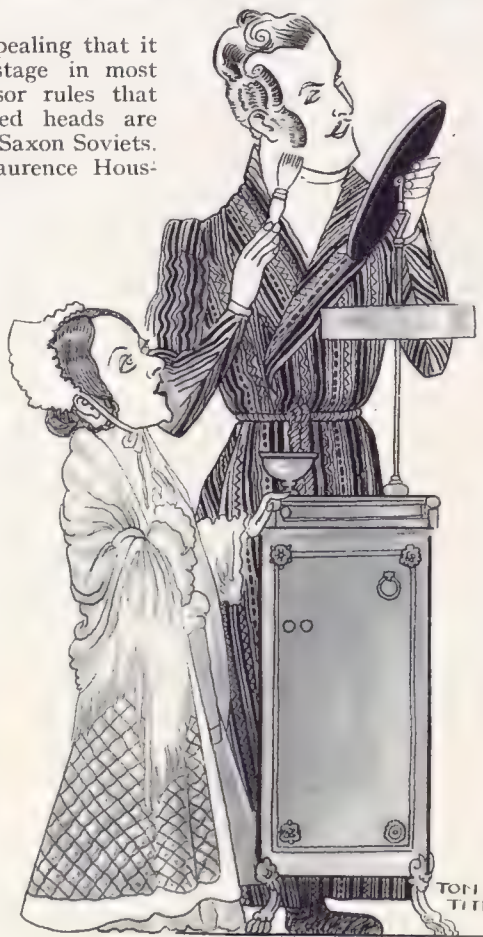


DOMESTIC INTERIOR, WINDSOR CASTLE, 1846: PAMELA STANLEY AND CARL ESMOND

VICTORIA REGINA is so appealing that it will be revived on the stage in most generations, until the Censor rules that plays which flatter crowned heads are detrimental under the Union of Anglo-Saxon Soviets. Meanwhile, the popularity of Mr. Laurence Housman's dramatic biography creates a legend of Victoria that will overshadow the grandiloquent one in the school-books and the ironical one by Strachey and the rest. For "legend" read selective truth, so chosen as to present the renowned Queen as womanly woman partnered in life and death by a fine, upstanding husband.

Mr. Housman has written a sequence of some forty playlets about Queen Victoria; and still they come. Of these, only nine can be used for a production tied to the regulation two and three-quarter hours. They read well and play better. The theatrical point is that in eight of the nine episodes selected, Victoria constantly plays up to the substance or the shade of her Albert. A bald summary of the scenes will show how Albert the Good, minus his supposed priggishness, turns into Albert the charmer.

An eighteen-year-old girl is woken at 6 a.m. to hear that she is Queen. Lord Chamberlain and Archbishop are impatient while waiting for Victoria to be fetched from her mother's bed at Kensington Palace. "Sleeps with the old cat, does she?" When Church and State have withdrawn



MORNING GLORY: VICTORIA AND ALBERT

from the Crown's presence, the Queen's first demand is that she shall have a bed and room of her own. All of which, including the discomfiture of Poor Mamma, is but prologue to the domestic saga of Victoria and Albert.

"Woman Proposes." The small Queen fragrantly fulfils her intention to choose Albert rather than his brother Ernst, even though Albert indicates the skeleton in his paternal heredity (which Mr. Housman presents as undeniably authentic). It is shown that Victoria is she who loves and Albert he who, with delicate fondness, *se laisse aimer*.

"Morning Glory." The young Queen, visiting the dressing-room of a tall and handsome husband, rhapsodises over her discovery that strong men use razors and shaving-soap. She approves the playing of Mendelssohn's Wedding March by her Life Guards' band outside, and enjoys mock submission when the Consort pretends to order her from his room.

Two years later, the submission is still less than fact: a royal reproof has gone to the husband not home at eleven from a Royal Academy banquet. "Albert, I order you to return at once! V.R." Whereupon Albert stayed out all night, but blamelessly at Windsor. He faces the Queen's anger calmly, rouses the woman's humour with a tale of servants holding impudent revels at the Castle, seals his victory with irresistible technique. "Weibchen, you have not kissed me 'Good morning' yet . . . please!"

"Under Fire." According to Mr. Housman, Victoria and Albert knew that the



## O Rare Prince Albert



WOMANLY QUEEN AND  
MANLY CONSORT

Victoria takes Albert's advice in all things of consequence to herself and the State. Haggard and tired, a Prince Consort whose hair and whiskers have thinned arrives with a chill, to find the Queen bothered over Palmerston's fiery dispatch to those United States. Albert explains the peril in strong words, and, so weak that he can hardly hold the pen, works for hours at toning the dispatch down. "Take me to bed, Weibchen. Ich bin so schwach." He collapses into fatal illness, having saved his adopted England from war.

In her sixteenth year of widowhood, Victoria at Balmoral, beneath the black and white bonnet, is made to look older than an age of fifty-eight warrants. Quaint, Highland stuff by manly John Brown. Florid (but shrewd) devotion to the lone widow by Disraeli, who acts the Stuart in breaking his glass after toasting his Queen. More, but happier, tears. "Such devotion!... Oh, Albert! Albert!"

"Happy and Glorious." At the Diamond Jubilee the really old lady, amid three generations of resplendent descendants, is well pleased by the applause. There were those rough men who broke through the police cordon to shout: "Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well!" She hopes

madman who shot at her in 1842 would make his attempt on the day he did; but they kept to their afternoon drive in order that a known danger should be scotched. Business with Victoria's bravery under fire, her attendant Ladies' resentment at being left behind, their contrition when they learn just why. "Dearest! Have I pleased you?" "Very much. . . . You have behaved—like a Queen!"

"The Rose and the Thorn." Showing how an upright Queen and matron made a jealous scene when her Consort was polite to a Court maiden. Royal repentance, royal apology, womanly tears. The Domestic Man comforts a cherished spouse by singing "Drink to me only with thine eyes," in warm and passably musical accents.

In middle age,

it's true. If only *Albert* were there! An Indian orderly wheels her to meet the roaring mob.

Every scene is limpid with the clarity that hides art and artifice. Seven of the nine aim at, and attain just before their Curtains, the lump in the throat which is worth to managers more than the tautest of tensions or the loudest of belly-laughs. In the dark of the Lyric Theatre there are more gulps than there ever have been November coughs; and this is due only in small part to the fact that Norman Marshall's able production sprays the sentiment in greater profusion than was used in the New York version of the play.

The two leading parts are "naturals" for any good players of the appropriate shape. Pamela Stanley's Victoria is pleasant and inevitably moving; but I could not help recalling the magnetism that warmed the American Victoria of Helen Hayes. The Albert of Carl Esmond is so engaging that Mr. Esmond's future is assured: I am prepared to see him join Laurence Olivier in leading a revival of the fashion for virility, rather than neurosis, in stage lovers; and to watch the fashion spreading into real life and breeding many thousands of side-whiskers. With two possible exceptions, the other distinctive rôles are above American comparison. Allan Aynesworth, as

Lord Conyngham, plays a Regency survival that is flawless and full-flavoured—I wish he could have lasted longer; and I wish the same for the Duchess of Sutherland by Mabel Terry-Lewis. James Woodburn's John Brown fairly oozes "character" and canniness. The Rex Whistler *décor* and costumes, mannered after Lawrence, Winterhalter, Sargent and Rex Whistler (not to mention the engravers of the *Illustrated London News*), are altogether lovely.



JOHN BROWN (JAMES WOODBURN),  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN (ALLAN AYNE-  
WORTH), MISTRESS OF THE ROBES  
(MABEL TERRY-LEWIS)



LORD BEACONSFIELD DOES HIS STUFF: ERNEST MILTON, PAMELA STANLEY





HEROINE OF "WINGS OF THE MORNING": ANNABELLA (ALSO ON RIGHT) WITH HER HUSBAND

These photographs (taken by a friend) show the charming little lady who made such a success in "Wings of the Morning" after a nasty accident when she was mauled by a bear while acting for a circus film. In private life she is Mme. Jean Murat



**T**RÈS CHER,—There are so many things that one ought to see and do just now that, unless one is very strenuous, the wisest solution is to go out and pitch one's engagement-book down the nearest drain and count the world well lost for the sake of a good detective novel. What wouldn't I give to stay home just one evening, or, failing that, at least to return before dawn. Dawn is such a lovely moment, and the garden is so divine, that it seems a pity to go to bed. However, I have reached the time of life when a certain amount of sleep is necessary to keep the old karkiss a-going, and sleep must take place at night; post-luncheon naps are not to be encouraged, since these have a way of allowing the same old karkiss to acquire the terrifying amplification known as the "middle-aged spread." And so to bed just as the birds are waking and the adjectived doves belonging to a sentimental midinette, who has a nasturtium-trimmed attic window jutting out of the roof, start to bill and coo!

\* Some of these late nights are well worth the fatigue they entail, but t'others—*mong dew*!—how wearisome they are. Trouble is that, since most of the parties we are bidden to just now are given "on-account-of" or "in-connection-with" the old Expo., 1937, one cannot grouse too loudly about them . . . "nobility oblige," and all that! (To say nothing of publicity contracts.) Of the greatly advertised "Gala de la Danse," the best and worst that can be said is that it had all the qualities and faults of the curate's egg. The Grand Palais, that partakes of Olympia and Madison Square as to size and acoustics, was cleverly transformed into a vast *salle de spectacle*, with streamline decoration that responded well to multi-coloured waves of indirect lighting. The audience appeared to be suffering,

## Priscilla in Paris

*en masse*, from bouts of scarlet fever, jaundice, gangrene and other foul diseases, but the effect on the walls and ceiling was very lovely. An immense staircase and stage filled the central recess facing the main entrance, thousands of seats stood in the body of the kirk and rose in tiers on both sides almost to the ceiling. The world-famous orchestra of the Concerts Colonne officiated, and "echo caught faintly the sound as it fell." This made things difficult for the dancers, and, at times, just a little mournful for the spectators—who, blarst 'em! made up for their disappointment by having a good old heart-to-heart while Chabrier's enchanting "Bourrée Fantasque" was being played. Some of the performers brought their own tom-toms. The coloured African troupe, for instance, and also the Ballets Günther, that "heil"-ed from Hitler with flutes, xylophones, vibraphones and sma' drooms all complete. La Térésina brought her guitarists from the Cobla de Barcelone, and they gave what is known as a very finished performance.

Of course, M. René Blum's Monte Carlo company was represented, giving Fokine's ballet, *Les Elfes*, and the finale from *Prince Igor*. Serge Lifar, of the Paris Opera House, appeared in *Icare*, and other *premiers sujets* tripped through the ballet from *Faust*. All these ballets lost fifty per cent. of their charm or virtue, or whatever you like to call it, by being danced without a background, and all the success of the evening went to the "Rockettes," those forty-eight amazing girls from the Radio City Music-hall Rockefeller Center, New York, who came over for this one-occasion-only and knocked us dizzy with astonishment. Hitherto we fondly imagined that the Bluebelle Ladies and the Tiller Girls had taught us something about rhythm, but these lasses showed us that all other troupe hoofers are, compared to them, in the kindergarten class.

I spent another pleasant evening at the Marigny Theatre, where Lucienne Boyer is being "parlez-vous-ed" to of love in a musical comedy, *La Belle Saison*, by two leading lads whom you know as "Pills et Tabet," the duettists. Mlle. Boyer's personal appearance in London and the Pills and Tabet gramophone records have made you familiar with the talent of these three clever people, so that when I tell you that Marguerite Pierry is also in this production, I imagine that nothing will keep you away from the Marigny when next you are in Paris. Marguerite Pierry is one of the greatest actresses on the French stage; she reminds me of all that I remember of Réjane before the war, and of Dame Marie Tempest in the days, long, long ago, of her early triumphs in straight comedy. Marguerite Pierry is not a singer, but her voice is charming when she sings. She is a dramatic actress, since it was she who created the rôle of the Empress's mother in Savoir's *Little Catherine* (which Marie Tempest played in London), and yet she can, as in *La Belle Saison*, brilliantly tackle a comic part and make a great deal out of a very little. Like Réjane, and again like Marie Tempest, she is not a chocolate-box beauty queen, but she is immensely *chic*.—PRISCILLA.



MME. TONIA NAVARRE

Tonia Navarre was until recently a member of the Comédie Française, but has followed the example of an illustrious predecessor in going on the variety stage. She will be seen this season in a dramatic sketch





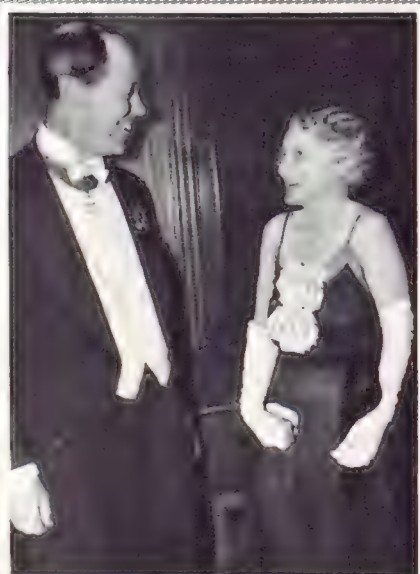
Hyman Fink

### MARLENE DIETRICH: A NEW PORTRAIT

It is, perhaps, the main charm of Marlene Dietrich that she is never twice the same. We have seen her in trousers, we have seen her in commanding guise, we have seen her in every phase of dramatic emotion. This new portrait shows her as essentially feminine in a portrait taken *à l'improviste* on the set of "Angel," Marlene's new film under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. This is a tale of the eternal triangle in which Herbert Marshall plays the part of the English diplomat husband and Mervyn Douglas that of the *tertium quid*. Edward Everett Horton is also in this film, which Paramount have selected as one specially adapted to the talents of Ernst Lubitsch



## AN INDIA HOUSE RECEPTION

LADY BRABOURNE WITH  
LADY LINLITHGOWLORD AND LADY WILLINGDON WITH  
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BERARCAPTAIN AND MRS. ARTHUR PAGET  
AT INDIA HOUSEMR. AND MRS. J. EDE WITH SIR  
FREDERICK WHYTE (IN CENTRE)SIR DENYS BRAY AND THE HON.  
EDWARD CADOGANGENERAL SHUMSHERE JUNG WITH  
LORD AND LADY ZETLANDBRIG.-GEN. SIR RALPH  
AND LADY WEDGWOOD

Sir Firozkhan and Lady Noon gave this reception in honour of Lady Linlithgow, wife of H.E. the Viceroy, who is seen in conversation with Lady Brabourne, the wife of the Governor of Bombay. Sir Firozkhan Noon is the Indian High Commissioner in London. Lord and Lady Willingdon, the predecessors of Lord and Lady Linlithgow at Viceregal Lodge, are seen with the heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad and his beautiful wife, who is a daughter of a former Caliph of Turkey. Sir Frederick Whyte was President of the Legislative Assembly of India from 1920-25; Mr. Ede is Assistant Director of the Tate Gallery. Sir Denys Bray is a member of the India Council, and was a delegate to the League of Nations from 1930-35. Lord Zetland, a former Governor-General of Bengal, is the Secretary of State for India and in the same picture is Commanding General Krishna Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, a distinguished soldier from Nepal, that warlike and gallant nation from which the Gurkha regiments are recruited. Sir Ralph Wedgwood is chairman and managing director of the London and North Eastern Railway. Sir Edmund Ironside is G.O.C. Eastern Command

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HENRY CARSLAKE  
AND GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE





The Beauty of a Rose-Bowl by Tiffany, the Feel of a Shotgun by Purdey; the Tone and Touch of a Steinway Pianoforte—only these are comparable with the sheer sensuous delight of driving, even of riding in, a LINCOLN-ZEPHYR. The marvellous refinement, with no power-shortage, of its V-12 engine; a mind-reading gear-box, which seems to guess your wish of the moment, and grant it; steering feather-light but rock-sure; suspension which makes you wonder why less fortunate folk grumble about secondary roads; and brakes whose efficiency enables you to let the car run freely on open stretches . . . . . All these are yours, at ever so little cost, first or last, or in between, in this superlatively fine motor car. Write or ring for a catalogue, now. Name your best date for a road-trial which will enable you to apply every test you can devise. In short, let the Lincoln-Zephyr speak for itself.

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# Lincoln-Zephyr







# PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

*JULY 1<sup>ST</sup>* With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelve-month. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtilties of first-class cricket, and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.

BE SURE YOU SAY

# Schwepes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS







## THE PEACOCK GIRL

By  
VEYSY





## PADEREWSKI REHEARSING

By LAURENCE

*Moonlight Sonata* was the picture in which Paderewski made a screen début in company with Marie Tempest, herself a newcomer to the sound-film. It seems a little difficult to reconcile the ideas of Paderewski's music with the atmosphere of film-production, but Laurence Irving's picture gives a striking impression of something unusual in the studio, of an influence from the outside that overcame the banality of mechanical methods.





## “MOONLIGHT SONATA”

IRVING

*Moonlight Sonata* was made at Denham and had its première in Warsaw, where the veteran pianist is also venerated for his patriotism and public service—he was formerly Premier of his country. The artist, a son of the late H. B. Irving and Dorothea Baird—the one and only Trilby—has inherited a sense of the dramatic, though his expression of the family talent is through the brush and the pen rather than the stage





HUMBER MOTORING IS COMFORT MOTORING  
*in a really fast car*





TAKE A CAMERA WITH YOU !

"He-elp !"

"Yes, but wait a bit—I *must* get a record of this first."

By

H. M. BATEMAN





#### DINNER AT WHITE CITY.

London's most unusual and entertaining evening—dinner at White City. Good food and service, an excellent cellar—and greyhound racing watched from the great glass-enclosed restaurant which overlooks the floodlit track! A new and exciting fashion in London's evening entertainment.

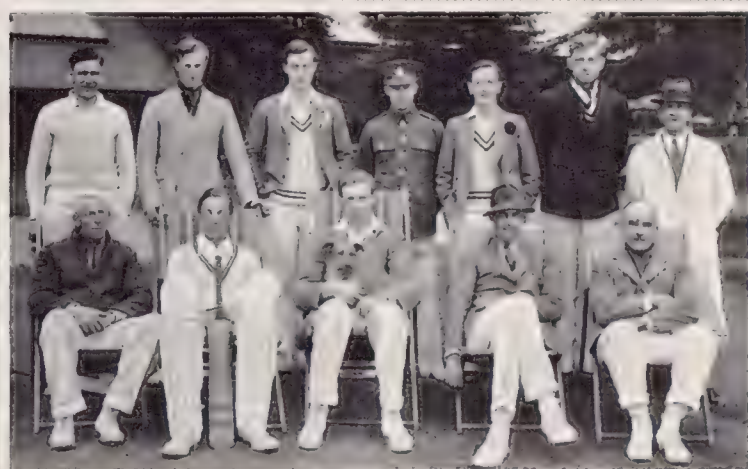


**THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE GYPSIES**

G. A. Arthurs, A. R. Midgeley, the Rev. W. S. Hazeldine, R. Keigwin, G. L. Jarrett, C. F. Bolt, the Rev. J. M. B. Stancomb (captain), R. C. Gyles, J. S. Foster, J. T. Badham and the Rev. R. C. Mortimer

**THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY XI.**

Standing: E. Beare (umpire), S. Pether, R. St. G. Martin, R. H. Harden, Major T. E. Withington, Q.M.S. Dudley and Pte. Tinsley. Seated: Capt. R. H. Doyne, P. M. Hughes, Capt. J. P. A. Graham (captain), Major E. H. Whitfield and Capt. E. Smith

**THE HON. PETER WOOD'S XI.**

Standing: J. Guilfoyle, C. Clerke-Brown, Lord Loughborough, Pte. Strong, R. Westmacott, W. K. Headley and Q.M.S. Giles (umpire). Seated: S. C. B. Lee, J. Weatherby, the Hon. Peter Wood, J. Clerke-Brown and Colonel L. L. Pargiter

**TONBRIDGE SCHOOL XI, 1937**

Standing: J. A. Dew, E. I. C. Wood, P. R. Stevens, P. J. Cooker, F. A. C. Maughan, C. L. Welford. Seated: D. G. W. Yeats-Brown, E. C. Bousfield, J. H. Thompson, (captain), B. N. S. Kidson, P. G. C. Wood

Stuart

**SHERBORNE CRICKET XI, 1937**

Standing: P. H. Lake, D. R. P. Maddison, J. B. Aylward, F. A. Coombe, M. R. Geake, D. F. Ricketts. Seated: H. J. C. Bashford, R. F. S. Chignell, M. S. Glennie (captain), A. L. A. Tasker, C. F. V. Martin

Stuart

**A GROUP OF CRICKET TEAMS**

The Gloucestershire Gypsies were taken on the occasion of their match with St. Edward's School at Oxford on "Gaudy Day" (which has not so much to do with bright raiment as with rejoicing in Latin!). The Gypsies had somewhat the best of it. The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry recently held their annual Cricket Week at the depôt at Cowley Barracks, Oxford, and the Hon. Peter Wood's XI. provided the opposition on one of the days of this week. Tonbridge beat Sherborne by 98 runs in their annual encounter. Among their other victims are The Bluemantles and Lancing. They drew with Tonbridge Town and Blackheath



# Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

who have not forgotten what a silly game war is, would not go in even on complimentary tickets!

At a moment when whatever our long-suffering country does, or does not, do it is certain to be the wrong thing, it is comforting to be assured by a recently returned pilgrim that Albion is not quite so Perfidie in the

land which first put that label on her as she used to be, and even the waiters seem sorry to have to sting us for a further *douceur* on top of the 15 per cent. which the forty-hour week compels the *hôte* to put on our bills. My friend says that, in spite of their being rather fierce and edgy and ready to go in off the deep end over anything and everything, they, and even people who are not waiters, have several kind words to throw us, and express much admiration for the way in which we keep our tempers, no matter how rude some people are to us. This admiration is heightened by the knowledge that, in spite of what the people who are so busy making long noses and putting their tongues out at us believe, we are quite ready enough to say, "Desist—or take the consequences!"

Slow to anger we have always been, and it is not in us to worry overmuch about the buzzing of bluebottles, but, as the country which



Willie Burke

## AT OOTACAMUND: THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY ERSKINE AND THE STAFF

Lord Erskine, who was appointed Governor of Madras in 1934, is the eldest son of the Earl of Mar; he married, in 1919, Lady Marjorie Hervey, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Bristol. They are seen at Government House, Ootacamund, with His Excellency's Staff. The names are: Standing—Major R. F. Rutledge, M.C. (Commanding H.E.'s Bodyguard), Captains A. R. B. Southby, A. C. S. Delmege and R. W. Madoc (A.D.C.s.), Major T. F. Kelly (Military Secretary). Seated—Mrs. Rutledge, Major Johnson (Surgeon to H.E.), Miss Hamilton, H.E. Lord Erskine, the Hon. Robert Erskine, H.E. Lady Erskine, Mrs. Johnson and Mr. D. H. Elwin (Private Secretary)

THE time would seem to be opportune for the acceptance of the advice of a witty Member of Parliament who is affectionately known, so I understand, as "Nellie." What she said when this Spanish trouble was younger than it is to-day was: "Why not deport all the Spaniards and let the rest fight it out?" As, however, it seems as if it might be a Kilkenny cat contest anyway, it does not appear to matter much. The people who are so fond of war should be afforded every access to their playground and be let in free of entertainment tax. People



## H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER VISITS THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT

The Duchess of Gloucester is the Colonel-in-Chief of the Northamptonshire Regiment. She recently visited the dépôt at Northampton and in the course of her visit presented the Signalling Cup to Lt.-Col. H. N. Scott-Robson (formerly Greys), commanding the 4th Battalion (Territorial), the winners of the cup



Miss Compton Collier

## LADY AMY BIDDULPH AND FAMILY AT HOME AT BOWLING GREEN COTTAGE, HEREFORD

A pretty picture set in an equally entrancing frame in the garden of Bowling Green Cottage, Ledbury. He is Lord Biddulph's eldest son and heir and was formerly in the Coldstream. Lady Amy Biddulph is the former Lady Amy Agar. The children are Molly, Susan, Robert, and Edward in the wheelbarrow



once called us "Perfide" knows so well, we are regular, ramping, raging devils when we decide that we have had enough and that the moment has arrived for a little serious biting.

The pilgrim says that with this regulation 15 per cent. on top, plus what you have to give in addition, unless you want to meet a long row of scowling faces, the *bucksheesh* mounts up to something like 20 per cent., which, as perhaps even the serene Englishman may think, is not a little steep. The 15 per cent. you have no option but to pay, but I think I should risk the snarls and let it stop at that, and also fail to see the numerous outstretched and itching palms.

If we want to cease being Best Hated Nation No. 1, the way is now open before us, and it will be entirely our own fault if such a happy result is not achieved. Franklin D. has blazed the trail to popularity. This is how he got on the soft side of some Tough Guys who, apparently, were quite ready to give him the "woyks": "instead of upbraiding them, the President gave them beer and crabmeat salad. He knew that a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Why not try this on "Blank" and "Dash" and "Youknowwho," and if we serve it up with a nice olive-branch chutney, and some *osso bucco* and ice-cream to follow, it might work wonders. Perhaps it might be better to substitute Chianti for common beer, but otherwise I cannot think of any improvement.

If all that has been said recently about a word or even a sneeze starting an avalanche, how about this for starting an earthquake?— "At this moment a penalty kick was awarded against the Italians, which an Austrian player converted, celebrating his triumph by 'making a long nose' at the Italians. The nearest Italian promptly hit him in the face. This proved the signal for a pitched battle between the two teams, who went for one another with fists and feet, and one Italian got a kick in the mouth which deprived him of a number of teeth." War seems to be absolutely inevitable.

Some instructions issued for the guidance of the public in connection with the recent naval occasion at Henley were most timely and commendable. One of them read: "Boats win by their bows." The Dry Bob public was therefore left in no doubt as to which end of a boat

had to be first past the post. It would be a rattling good idea if the Turf authorities followed this useful lead, and added an explanatory note to all race-cards that no jockey is allowed to "come without the bloomin' 'orse," as the Turf jargon hath it. Ignorant turfites would thus understand that a long-nosed rider would have no advantage at all over a rival with a *retroussé* proboscis, no matter how clever he was at practising what is known as the forward or monkey-on-the-stick seat. Whilst they were about it, the rowing pundits might have gone a bit further and explained that

(Continued on page x)



THE NORTHERN RHODESIA REGIMENT: THE OFFICERS AND H.E. THE GOVERNOR  
The Northern Rhodesia Regiment has recently been included in the Army List, but it has seen service long since, and its record in the East African campaign was very creditable indeed. Names in the group are: Standing—Capt. H. T. Hughes (Pay and Q.M.), Lt. J. L. Boyd-Wilson (Adj.), Capt. A. B. Cree, Lt. J. D. Giddings. Seated—Lt.-Col. W. A. Dimoline, M.C., Commanding Officer, the Hon. C. F. F. Dundas, C.M.G., O.B.E., Acting Governor, N. Rhodesia and Governor Designate, The Bahamas, and Capt. F. A. Hopkins, O.B.E.



Howard Barrett

AT THE NORTHUMBRIAN BRIGADE CAMP AT WHITBY

The entire brigade was in camp at Whitby when this picture was taken and the units included the 7th Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, the 72nd F.B.R.A., and in this picture are Mr. Melville, Mrs. R. Mould Graham, wife of the C.O., 72nd F.B., Miss Irwin, Mrs. Townend, wife of Major Townend, R.A., Col. Irwin, Col. R. R. Walker and Col. Johnstone. Col. Walker is a former C.O. of the 72nd F.B.R.A.



Truman Howell

LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE ENTERTAIN THE NEW ZEALAND XI.

The host and hostess are seen at Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, with the skipper of the New Zealand side, Mr. M. L. Page. Lord Bledisloe was Governor-General of New Zealand from 1930 to 1935 when he was succeeded by Lord Galway, and he has naturally been following the fortunes of the gallant invaders from the pleasant land over which he once ruled





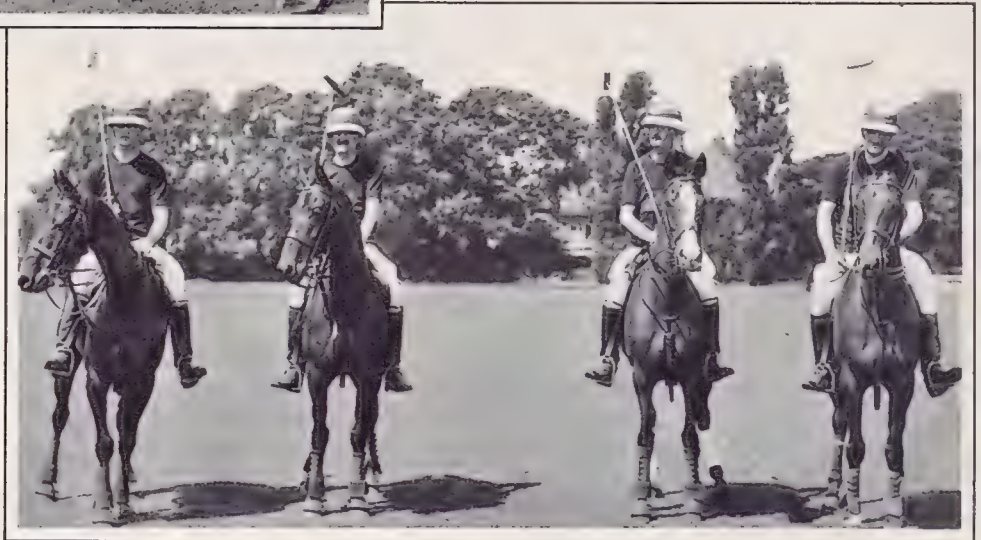
**THE 10th HUSSARS TEAM, WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL**

The 10th Hussars won this year's Inter-Regimental by 8 to 3 from the 15/19th Hussars after a slow and somewhat sticky contest which is fully referred to on this page. The names in the above group are: Captain M. N. E. McMullen, Captain C. B. C. Harvey, Captain D. Dawnay, and Mr. J. W. Malet who came in after Captain J. P. Archer-Shee had been disabled in a baddish fall

**H**URLINGHAM had no ground for complaint on the score of the patronage which polo obtained on Inter-Regimental Final day on July 3, for if there had been any obstacles up you might easily have believed that you were at Aintree for the National. You could not have got another single (or even married) person into the stands on the club side, even if you had employed a shoe-horn, and all the public stands were fully furnished with unadulterated enthusiasts who, I feel, would be even more numerous still if some head-covering could be afforded. From past experience, and before the club stands were installed in their present position, we know how we scorched on a really tropical day such as the one in question was, and how we had to crouch under umbrellas and mackintoshes when it was wet. I trust the suggestion for protection for the public is worthy of consideration, and I believe that the cost would quickly return in increased gate-money. However, this is a matter for the Powers-As-Be. The one thing we missed was the attendance of our old friend Thomas Atkins in any noticeable force, and the other day at Aldershot the same thing was also apparent. This is an unwelcome change from former days, when T. A. was a heartening adjunct to any Inter-Regimental contest. Whether mechanisation is already having its baleful effect I do not know, but it is just possible. In the future we may see the Inter-Regimental played on motor-bikes, with an added danger, which I cannot bear to think on, to both the performers and the hard-working umpires. Perhaps, however, in view of what the leading scientists in war have now realised, we may find the cavalry put back on their horses again. The German General Staff has been very quick to realise the fact that it is no certainty that there will be enough petrol to keep the next war going long enough to get the course, and that mechanisation can be carried beyond the bounds of prudence. There are, of course, other risks attendant upon a war upon wheels that must be apparent, but, this not being the place in which to advertise them, it is necessary to leave it at this!

## POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

**I**n view of what a good house this year's Inter-Regimental drew, it was a great pity that they had not a better performance to reward them for their attendance. It was a sprawling game between two teams which, from one cause and another, were not at their full war strength. In ordinary circumstances, neither of them would have been entitled to believe that they had any right to expect to win an Inter-Regimental. If it were right to take these teams as the best the British cavalry can produce, it would give the Indian cavalry and the polo form in India a very bad ticket, but, happily, this conclusion need not be arrived at. The 10th were without the pivot of their team, Major Charles Gairdner, whose handicap is justly 8, and the 15/19th were without Mr. E. H. G. Moon, who is still in the regiment, and Captain R. L. Agnew, who is not. These two officers, with Captain W. R. N. Hinde and Major T. J. Arnott, made a team of pretty good regimental class. In neither case in this final was there anything like the class of polo we expect in an Inter-Regimental.



**THE 15/19th HUSSARS POLO TEAM**

On handicap this team was 7 goals inferior to the 10th Hussars and they were beaten by 5 in the Inter-Regimental. The names, left to right, in the above picture are: Mr. L. St. G. Martin, Mr. A. R. A. Dorrien-Smith, Captain W. R. N. Hinde and Major T. J. Arnott

and it would be stupid to pretend that there was; furthermore, no one knows better than the two teams concerned that any real combination was conspicuous only by its absence. This was not their fault, and it would have been surprising if things had been otherwise. Both sides were, in my view, shy of at least half-a-dozen goals that they ought to have had; the missing was appalling at times, and we saw far too much of that quite useless "Rugger" shot. I believe that it would do English polo a lot of good if they took the boards away for a couple of years. It would compel people to realise that polo is a game intended to be played up and down the ground, and not across it. There is only one road in attack, and yet how often did we not see this road abandoned—and it has not been only in this match that this has happened. It would, I repeat, be a good thing for everybody if they took the "cushions" away for a bit, and made people realise that a smack into "touch," however permissible and desirable, in the game of Rugger, is a sheer waste of good time and energy where polo is concerned.

**A**s regards the handicaps, the Inter-Regimental result of 1937 worked out pretty accurately. The 10th Hussars won by 5 goals (8 to 3); they were 7 goals better on handicap. I think myself that if all the shots had gone into the bag that ought to have done, the final tally ought to have read about 13 to 9, but that is merely a personal opinion. The two teams and their handicaps and order as they went into action were like this: 10th Hussars—Captain W. N. E. Macmillan (4), Captain C. B. C. Harvey (5), Captain D. Dawnay (7),

(Continued on page xiv)





Have a glass of Guinness  
when you're Tired





IN A "FRIENDLY" AT QUEEN'S: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE, LORD CHARLES HOPE AND MR. GODFREY WINN

The other member of a famous party was Miss Ryan, one-time America's greatest doubles player, and now gone back to America. Mrs. Satterthwaite is almost as famous, and so is Lord Charles Hope, a brother of the Viceroy of India. Mr. Godfrey Winn, not only plays well, but writes about lawn tennis with wit and skill

SO the Selectors of the Wightman Cup team have done it again. And how they have done it, how they have managed to choose such a perfect team of losers, no one except their own seven selves could possibly work out on any reasonable basis of reckoning. For what have they done? Simply this: they have ignored completely the claims of the only three British players who covered themselves with glory at Wimbledon this year—namely, Miss Peggy Scriven, Miss Billie Yorke, and Mrs. Maurice King, who had the satisfaction of reaching the final of the Ladies' Doubles, despite rather than because of the support she received from her partner. In the final, although she defended her base gallantly, she was no match for the brilliant as well as steady combination of Mme. Mathieu, who plays with our English girls on court like a spider with a series of not-very-juicy flies, and Miss Yorke, who is the only woman in this country who puts her volleys away like a man. In consequence, Miss Yorke and Mme. Mathieu have in partnership won every major championship in Europe during the last two years, and are the present holders of both the Wimbledon and the French titles. If such qualifications do not entitle Miss Yorke to a place in the Wightman Cup team, I should like to know what does.

The only answer, I imagine, that the Selectors would dare to put forward is that Miss Yorke lacks an English partner. Why not, then, have the imagination to team her up with Mrs. King, who plays very largely the same game as Mme. Mathieu? This would be a case of winning two points for our side at one choice, since Mrs. King would be practically certain of winning the third singles match. And, much as I admire the way in which for a set and a half Miss Margot Lumb stood up to Señorita Lizana on the Centre Court, I can hardly be so optimistic as to believe that the future promise shown in her present effort is sufficient to warrant the Selectors including her in a very expensive trip.

As for Miss Peggy Scriven, she has the sympathy of the whole tennis world. During the last week at Wimbledon, when the one topic of conversation in the competitors' stand consisted of everyone making their own team lists, there was only one name that cropped up consistently. That name was Scriven. "They must send Scriven!" was the chorus I heard on all sides. "They must," I echoed in my own heart, remembering that

## LAWN TENNIS : By "RABBIT"

this player is the only one to have a record in singles this year that bears scrutiny. After a bad season last year she showed early in the spring that she was determined to fight back to the tennis heights. And she succeeded, for she not only reached the final of the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, where, defeating Mary Hardwick on the way, she also gave Señorita Lizana her hardest match of the meeting, but she also reached the last eight of the singles at Wimbledon, putting out a seeded player in Kay Stammers in the process. Again, as in Miss Yorke's case, if that does not automatically win her a place in the side, what does?

As the side now stands, I should think we shall be very fortunate if we win a single match. For Mary Hardwick is better at finish than in finishing power, and pirouettes prettily about the court but fails dismally to clinch a winning lead, as witness her match with Alice Marble at Wimbledon when she led 3—1 in the final set, and the way that she

petered out in the final set, too, against Miss Babcock in the Wightman Cup matches last year. Again, Kay Stammers has been ill all the spring and early summer, and though that is more than ample excuse for her poor form at the moment, it is hardly sufficient justification for choosing her on past performances, unless the Selectors believe that the sea air on the voyage will work a miracle. I doubt it. Indeed, I doubt it so much that I think it was extremely unwise of Miss Stammers to accept the arduous invitation to tour America in her present run-down condition.

As for Miss Freda James, she was badly beaten at Wimbledon by a player no longer in her prime—the Countess de la Valdene—while Miss Ingram and Miss Dearman, who had a very narrow victory over Betty Nuthall and Nancy Lyle, were extremely lucky to obtain eight games off the Mathieu-Yorke combination, who out-generalled them in every department in the semi-final. I saw that

(Continued on page xvi)



AT WIMBLEDON: MRS. PHILIP MERIVALE (MISS GLADYS COOPER)

A snapshot at the recent great tourney. Miss Gladys Cooper never misses a day at Wimbledon if she can help it, and was there throughout this year, and, as ever, looking perfectly charming



AND LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND MR. DOUGLAS BYNG

Two more notabilities in the great audience at Wimbledon, where everyone got his and her money's worth. Lady Ursula, as everyone knows, is the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, and Mr. Douglas Byng, that wonderful entertainer, can claim to have made more people laugh than the next man





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LARGEST GIN  
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# Gordon's

## THE GENUINE Gin COCKTAIL

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MANHATTAN, BRONX, PERFECT, FIFTY-FIFTY

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON





Stuart

## THE SANDHURST 1937 ELEVEN

Sandhurst beat The Shop in the annual contest by an innings and 85—a sodden wicket not giving the losers the best chance in life to make up the 220 leeway. Sandhurst also won their I Z. match by 83 runs. In the group are: Left to right, standing—Vorth (umpire), P. J. R. Petit, J. Weston, S. T. Howard-Jones, A. F. Campbell, G. T. W. Pedraza, A. G. Robert (final umpire). Sitting—R. E. W. Henson, A. M. Champion, M. N. Harbottle (captain), C. A. F. Steede, D. R. Dalgish, J. M. Hutton

"WHERE'S the fare for that boy?" asked the conductor of the crowded car.

"The boy is only three years old," replied the child's father.

"Three years! Why, look at him. He's seven, if I know anything about children."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.

Sandy had just moved into his new house, and was painting "No hawkers or canvassers" on his front gate. When he had finished he stepped back to admire his efforts, and a thought struck him. Dipping his brush into the paint again, he added the words: "Except with samples."

Mathematics was certainly not John's strong point, and at the examination he was set a problem as follows:

"If one horse can run one mile in a minute and a half, and another horse can do the same distance in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead if they ran a race of two miles at their respective speeds?"

John worried over this for some time, and then thought of a way out.

"I regret to say," he wrote, "that I cannot deal with this problem, as my parents have always told me never to have anything to do with horse-racing in any form."

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

On the closing day of a rainy fortnight, the seaside visitor read through the hotel bill to the last detail. Then very quietly he remarked: "Well, I'm very glad you have so

greatly benefited by our holiday."

A city man's secretary looked up from her typewriter and saw a beautiful blonde enter into the private office, smiling sweetly.

When she came out and passed the secretary, the latter looked her over. "Look here," she said, "if you try to get the boss away from me, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Don't worry, my dear," answered the other, "I'm not the new typist, I'm only the boss's wife."



Stuart

## THE I ZINGARI TEAM BEATEN BY R.M.C., SANDHURST

As recorded under the picture of the victors (see above) this I Z. side was beaten by 83 in their match with Sandhurst, who have a very good eleven this season and put it across the R.M.A., Woolwich good and hearty. The names in the above group are: Left to right, standing—D. G. Davies-Scourfield, C. P. Hamilton, Capt. G. S. Grimston, C. R. Cuff, K. Mackessack, G. H. Dixon. Sitting—H. P. Glover, A. C. Macintyre, R. T. Stanyforth, A. P. A. Graham (captain), Lt.-Col. A. B. Reynolds, Sir K. Dick-Cunyngham



## JOY OF LIVING . . . . .

Wonderful the energy of modern woman! — her vitality — the zest with which she throws herself into a hundred different occupations — the air of youth that accompanies her whatever she does . . . Birthdays in themselves are insignificant: Motherhood cannot detract from her grace and charm: and a growing son takes special pride in his Mother's loveliness. To ward off the insidious attacks of age she employs a beauty régime (specially devised for her benefit by Elizabeth Arden) which is as effective as it is simple and pleasant to follow . . .



## CHEATING THE CALENDAR . . .

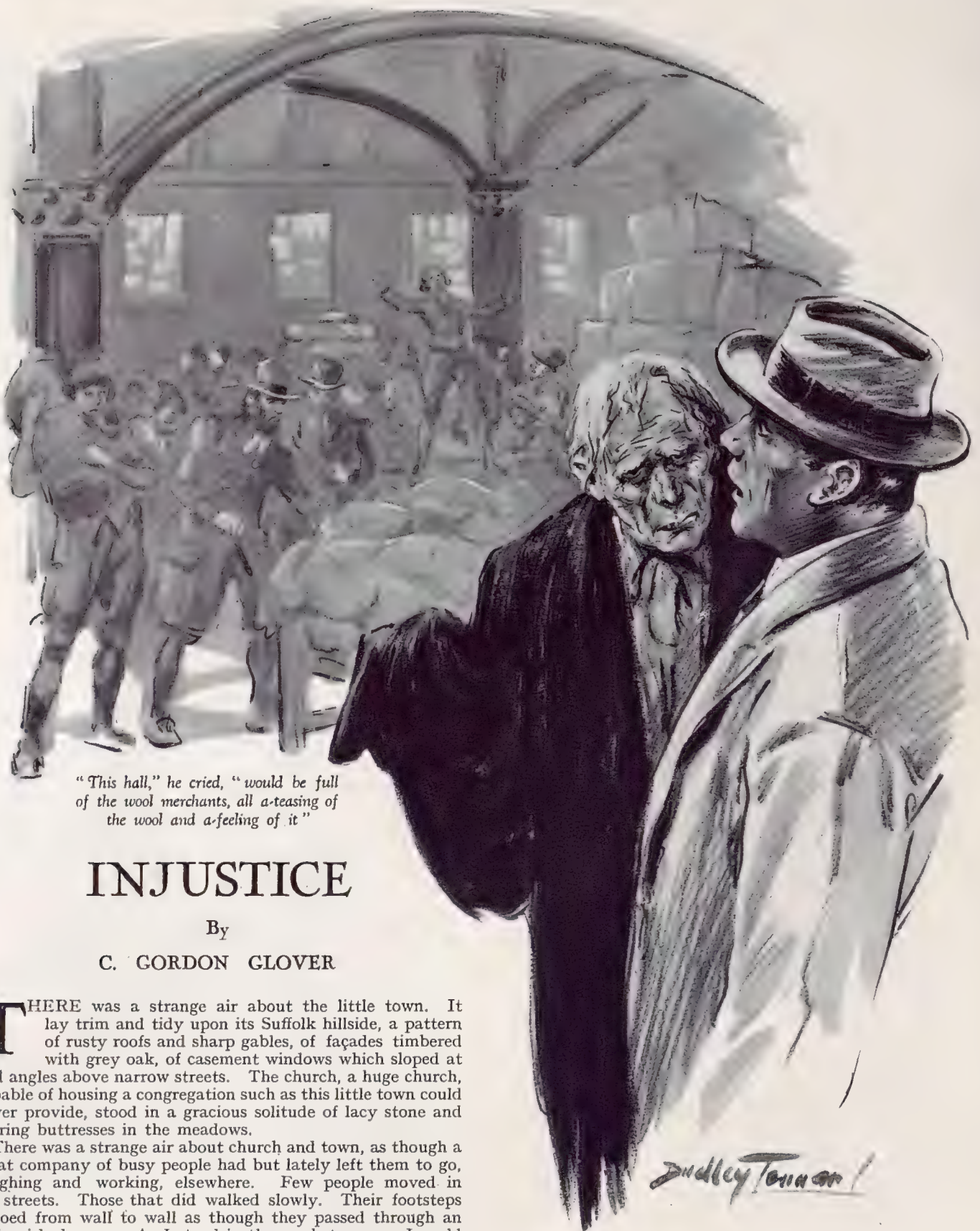
From girlhood, she has pursued a regular course of Cleansing, Toning, Soothing with Venetian Cleansing Cream, Ardena Skin Tonic and Orange Skin Food: and, now that her skin and the contours of her face need particularly scrupulous attention, she makes systematic use of Elizabeth Arden's Gland Cream which nourishes and enriches delicate tissues. A Velva Cream Masque is always refreshing—it smooths and firms the skin. For beauty of chin, neck and eyes (where middle-age is inclined to make its first inroads) Elizabeth Arden has devised a whole series of marvellous home treatments.



# Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, WEST ONE





"This hall," he cried, "would be full of the wool merchants, all a-teasing of the wool and a-feeling of it"

## INJUSTICE

By

C. GORDON GLOVER

THERE was a strange air about the little town. It lay trim and tidy upon its Suffolk hillside, a pattern of rusty roofs and sharp gables, of façades timbered with grey oak, of casement windows which sloped at odd angles above narrow streets. The church, a huge church, capable of housing a congregation such as this little town could never provide, stood in a gracious solitude of lacy stone and soaring buttresses in the meadows.

There was a strange air about church and town, as though a great company of busy people had but lately left them to go, laughing and working, elsewhere. Few people moved in the streets. Those that did walked slowly. Their footsteps echoed from wall to wall as though they passed through an unfurnished room. As I stood in the market square, I could hear the hasty jangle of a shop-bell dancing on its spring a street away, the murmur of women's voices in some unseen alleyway, the churr of sparrows beneath wide gables, a tap dripping.

Silence, a sense of trim desertion, weighed upon the place. It was as though it had been left in the charge of some small company of caretakers. A single car passing through the main street sounded loud and busy as a bee swirling through a silent garden. Rooks racked distant elms. The sparrows churred and chattered. I felt that I was wakeful in the midst of some centuries-long siesta.

There are towns like this in England, towns which once prospered on some rising industry, which, with the coming of machinery, or the discovery of more convenient terrains

elsewhere, left them with nothing to do, left them with their close-packed streets of cottages, with their great churches and guildhalls, with the empty mansions of the merchants who had grown rich on the fatness of the neighbourhood. Such towns, for some reason, do not decay and let the fields creep over them. They may shrink, but what remains stays trim and bright with self-respect. There is nothing obvious to do, so the inhabitants start up smaller activities. They buy plots of land, they farm them, they open shops to trade with one another, they repair one another's bicycles, mend one another's shoes. Yet all the time the echo of other days rings over such towns. They are swept and garnished as

(Continued on page 90)





*"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"*



**TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER**



## INJUSTICE—(Continued from page 88)

though ready to receive again the bluster and bustle, the hurrying feet, the voices and the clamour of the great industry which raised them up.

I knew that this was one of the Suffolk wool-towns, that, before the Industrial Revolution, half the wool in England had passed through its great Guildhall and all roads in East Anglia led to it, that Huguenots came there to weave, that every cottage had its weaving frames, that monks and merchants had pastured their mighty flocks for miles around, that there had been no town in the length and breadth of the land more busy and prosperous upon a single industry than this. And then, overnight almost, wool had gone to the North, and a great town was left, richly built, yet idle, upon its hill.

I pushed open the door of the Guildhall. The silence, the cold emptiness were almost drowning. I stood in a mighty hall upon a floor of trodden brick, looking upwards past timbered walls to the rafted roof. Dust lay thick. There were cobwebs joining beam to beam.

"You'll be wanting to see the Guildhall?" a voice said.

He had shuffled from I know not where, and was standing at my side, a knotted old man with a neck like a vulture's, and a pair of china-blue eyes. His skin was wax-white as though it had been kept for long under water or in darkness. He wore a shabby old cloak of the type so often to be seen upon the shoulders of caretakers of ancient buildings.

"Why, yes—I suppose so," I told him.

He nodded. "It's wholly quiet here now," he said, "wholly quiet, but once it warn't, once there were no bustlier a town nor this in all of England. What with the wool," he added, and looked at me queerly with those candid blue eyes. "Come this way," he said suddenly, and began to lead me from the hall.

He was a strange, compelling old man. He spoke with a kind of pungent authority. There were none of those arid recitals which one usually associates with guides to such places, none of those flat categories of dates, personalities and historical occasions.

"This hall," he cried, "would be full of the wool merchants, all a-teasing of the wool and a-feeling of it; foreigners too, Frenchies and Italians, all a-talking and a-quarrelling so loud you couldn't have heard yourself speak. They'd come crowding over that square out there, and wenching with them, market days; and the dancing bears, and the tumblers, and the pastry-sellers, and the jesters, why, you'd never have seen the like of it. And the stocks was over there, and the whipping-post beside. But, you understand, all the time it was wool as brought 'em—wool."

I said, impressed: "I must say it's a pleasure to meet somebody who, really believes in his history."

He turned round on me quite aggressively. "And who wouldn't believe it of a place like this? That's what folks nowadays won't realise—history's real as what's going on in these times. These times is real, aren't they? Yes, and these times is history as any other times."

I shall attempt, as best I am able, to convey to you what the old caretaker conveyed to me, but I fear that I must fail. The pictures he painted were vivid as though they had happened but yesterday. "In this room, in that very corner," he would exclaim, "the first weaving frame ever worked by an Englishman was set up, and Master Wisby was the weaver. There he stood with a circle of them Huguenots standing round all a-cheering." He told me of the signing-on of apprentices in the hall below, of the great guild feasts when four whole sheep would be roasted, he hung the timbers with smoking torches for me, peopled the place with stout men in bright clothes, gave me, in his eager old voice, all the sumptuousness, the vitality, the bustle and chatter of that prosperous town.

"But there was injustices done," he said, wagging his head. "Yes, grave injustices. Just you follow me. That is, if dungeons interest you?"

I assured him that any dungeon around which he conducted me would be a very treasure-house of appeal, and he led the way. Deep below the floor of the main hall was the dungeon, actually not more than a wide cellar between the foundations of that gracious building. The place was dim, as might be expected. Light fell greyly from one narrow window just above pavement level, shining on a stone floor scummed with damp, on rough brick walls, in each of which were cut half-a-dozen stone niches wherein prisoners might sit.

"A depressing place," I said.

"It's more than that," he said (and his voice, nipped short by the encompassing walls and ceiling, hit harsh against my ears). "Yes, it's more than that. Just think what it must have been to sit there in one of those niches, day after day, day after day, week after week, never hearing nothing but the feet of free men outside, never seeing nothing but their leather shoon, knowing that at the end of a year they were going to take you outside and cut your hand off. Just think of that," he exclaimed.

"You're a bit of a realist, aren't you?" I said. "And at first I thought you were a romantic. Anyway, tell me, why cut the hand off?"

"That's what they did when they caught anyone a-selling of English sheep out of the country. Locked 'em in here for a twelve-month, and at the end of it cut their left hand off. If they did it again, then it was another twelve-month, and at the end of that the other hand off. If they did it a third time, then it was a twelve-month again and after that—" He paused and nodded his head slowly before adding—"after that it was the head that come off. I'd ask you to look in this corner."

I found that I was looking at a yellow rubble of human bones. Instinctively I drew back at that collapsed ruin of what had been a human being, its skull fallen between its sprawling thighs, its either arm caught up in a rusty iron chain. "It's all right," said the caretaker. "He won't do you no harm. That's all as is left of a sheep farmer of these parts known as Simon Wycherley. Just you look at his arms."

I looked. Each wrist ended in splintered bone. The thing had no hands.

(Continued on page x11)



Fayer of Vienna

## LADY DERWENT: A RECENT PORTRAIT

Lord and Lady Derwent, who inhabit that attractive place, Hackness, near Scarborough, were married in 1929, she then being the Comtesse Sabine Czaykowska. She is the daughter of General Iliesco, who was formerly Chief of the General Staff of the Roumanian Army. Lord Derwent was formerly in the Diplomatic Service



*A happy holiday...  
wonderful weather...*



*...and we've  
discovered  
a perfectly  
Glorious  
Drink!*

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**Cold**

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**Y**OU can never be sure about holiday weather, but you can always depend upon having a happy time if you possess the fitness and vigour of radiant health.

'Ovaltine,' by its richness of health-giving nourishment, will give you abundant energy and vitality and help you to enjoy every moment of your holiday. And 'Ovaltine' served Cold is a sheer delight. It is just what you need to supplement light summer meals and to make them complete in the nutriment required to replace the energy you spend so freely.

But remember, it must be 'Ovaltine'—there is definitely nothing "just as good."

The deliciousness of Cold 'Ovaltine' is a surprise even to those who know 'Ovaltine' as a hot beverage—and an important discovery to holiday makers and all who play games. The glorious flavour—the creaminess and cool refreshment of 'Ovaltine' served Cold is indeed a revelation.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## S.B.A.C. Display.

I mentioned just now the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Hatfield, and I want to remind you of some of the outstanding exhibits there. First there were the sleeve-valve engines, one of them capable of giving 1375 brake-horse-power. These are distinctively British developments, and

are largely the outcome of the work and the faith of Mr. Fedden. Some people still fail to understand why so much attention has been paid to these engines. There are many reasons, but I need only mention a few. First, the number of parts in the cylinder assembly is brought down to forty-eight, which is *more than one hundred parts fewer* than in the cylinder assembly of the corresponding poppet-valve engine. Then there is the elimination of the hammer and anvil movement of the poppet-valve on its seat, and the substitution of smooth and silent sliding motion by the sleeve. Then there is the positive control of the opening and closing of the ports. I should hate to prophesy about aero-engines, but I am inclined to think that in this sleeve-valve development we have stolen a march on the entire world, and that, within five years, plenty of others will be trying to imitate us.

Next to the sleeve-valve engines at Hatfield there comes geodetic airframe construction, exemplified in the Wellesley. I described this, when it first came out, in these notes. It is a form of construction giving great lightness and great torsional stiffness. The consequence is that high aspect ratios, or ratios of wing-span to chord, can be used, with their consequent advantages. The Wellesley has a remarkably good proportion of disposable load to total weight. Next there were wing slots, which were shown in the Harrow, the Hampden, and the Lysander. They give wide speed range and they aid stability and control. Next there were the ducted radiators for the Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engines. Next there were the engines with two-speed superchargers which build up performance at height in a remarkable way. Finally, there was the Rotol airscrew. This is

(Continued on page ii)



AN "EVENING PATROL" AT BROOKLANDS: MISS DOROTHY KAY AND MISS M. DANACKER

The Brooklands Flying Club recently held an Evening Patrol and Theatrical Garden-Party. Two of the "patrol" are here seen getting ready to go up nearer the stars

## Farther and Faster.

THESE abide speed, range and altitude; these three; but the greatest of these is altitude—according to the Air Ministry.

And the new international aeroplane height record set up by Flight Lieutenant M. J. Adam is indeed a fine achievement, and one with both technical and prestige value. It would be worth our while to

go for one or two other international records as well—the speed record, for instance. There is no longer a Schneider Trophy race to act as a perpetual stimulus to speed development; in fact, if you exclude records, there is no practical stimulus at all. Now, no one who has watched aeronautical development in this country closely would deny that the excellence of our military machines to-day is due more to the Schneider Trophy series of races than to any other single cause. Unless we provide a substitute for that stimulus, there will be real danger of getting left behind during the next five or ten years. Records can be used as the substitute.

The height record is not only a splendid technical achievement and a splendid piloting achievement, but it is also sound policy. It shows that an objective is being kept in view—the objective of continued performance development. But that objective should be made to include speed and range as well as height. From what I saw during the Display held by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Hatfield, I am convinced that this country could secure the international landplane speed record and the world's distance record in a straight line. We have the material in existence, and only slight modifications are needed to fit it for the records. Let us tackle these records quickly, while the chance still offers.

Flight Lieutenant Adam, by climbing to 16,440 metres, beat the previous best by 785 metres. I believe in landplane speed and in distance in a straight line; British pilots in British machines could give as convincing demonstrations of superiority if the Air Ministry gave them the chance. Now is the time. Meanwhile, congratulations to Flight Lieutenant Adam, to the Bristol Company, to the Shell people, who provided the fuel and oil, and to all those other less conspicuous but no less important workers who contributed to the flight.



AT HESTON: H.H. THE AGA KHAN

H.H. the Aga Khan was snapped at Heston as he was leaving for Newmarket to attend the bloodstock sales, in which he figures prominently both as a seller and a buyer



AT THE BROOKLANDS THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY

Some more of the people at the Brooklands Flying Club party. All are very well-known names in the theatrical world. Miss Jane Welsh, the clever young actress of straight comedy, is seen with Mrs. Gene Gerrard and Mrs. Claud Hulbert and their husbands, who are leading lights of musical comedy and revue



remember  
those agonizing  
few  
minutes before  
your first  
solo  
flight ? . . .



and how  
you  
instinctively  
lit  
a  
cigarette ? . . .



and how  
you  
blessed that cigarette  
for the way  
it  
helped you  
to  
pull yourself  
together ?





Poole, Dublin

#### THE PROVOST'S GARDEN-PARTY AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

On the left of the picture is Mr. de Valera, seen on one of the rare occasions on which he attends social functions. This was also his first public appearance since the Free State General Election. With him are Professor W. A. Goligher, Litt.D., Vice-Provost of Dublin University; the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Molony, Vice-Chancellor; and Dr. K. C. Bailey, Junior Dean

#### Amber Lights.

**A**MBER lights, in the good old days, were associated with emotional scenes on the music-hall stage. They were infallibly turned on for all the touching bits, the moments when the heart of the audience was expected to melt in sympathy with some touching episode about a little chee-ild. The ambers were evocative of soft emotions, gentle tears, and wistful sadness; but now the ambers are evocative of furious passions; of arguments and assaults; of prosecutions and fines; of enraged controversies. I know that they are called "traffic yellow," but they'll always be amber to me. The trouble with the traffic electricians, as opposed to the stage electricians, is that they don't know how to use their ambers properly. They put them on too soon or too late, for too short a time or too long. The motor-car drivers, who must obey the lights, don't know what to do about it.

Let me put one example. When there is a green "filtration" arrow at a group of traffic lights, it is followed immediately by amber and red showing together. Now, the rules are quite definite. They say that whenever red is showing, you must stop. With amber alone there is a qualification to the stop rule—a qualification which has been completely lost sight of in the courts, but which is none the less clearly enunciated in the Act. But when red is showing—it does not matter if it is showing alone or with the amber—you must stop. Red is absolute in this. Now, next time you are "filtering" to the left, obedient to a green "filtration" arrow, when red and amber come up, try obeying the Act. Try stopping. If you don't get a bashed tank and an earful of taxi curses, I shall be surprised. For the fact is that it is customary in London and other large towns to ignore the red when it appears together with amber after a green filtration arrow. Cars which are filtering calmly continue to filter, and if you stop filtering, you know what to expect. True, it is a small point—almost a quibble. But while motorists are prosecuted wholesale for the smallest disobedience to the regulations, it behoves the makers of the regulations to get them right. I submit that this is one



#### A FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT: FREDERICK LONSDALE

Frederick Lonsdale is one of our very best dramatists, and it is high time that we had another piece of good entertainment from his skilful pen. He is seen at dinner on a recent sporting occasion

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

instance of a positive fault in the operation of the traffic light cycles. If any reader can defend this particular cycle, I should be obliged if he would let me know, but unless I find some adequate defence for it, I shall feel it necessary to point the matter out to the authorities and press for a change.

#### Open Air.

**O**ven saloons are far less common than they once were. During hot weather most saloons provide as much coolth as one can expect, and, in spite of the usual fun and games with tarring of the roads and hacking them up to lay drain-pipes or to take up drain-pipes, I hear few complaints of overheated car occupants. But it remains as true to-day as it was twenty years ago that in fine weather, when it is warm, the best car of all is an open car. It is often said that he who has never driven a motor-cycle has never tasted the supreme joys of motoring. It is also true that he who has never driven an open car in fine weather has been equally unfortunate. I think that the increasing popularity of convertible coupés is proof of the desire in everybody to get the lid off when the weather is fine.

A sign that the open car is still popular was given me by an official of the Morris Company the other day. He pointed out that, although there was no price difference between the fixed-head saloon and the open four-seater tourer in the Morris "Eight" model, the 20,000th "Eight" with open body has been delivered. Personally, I find that an openable body is the best, for I would not surrender the chance of driving in the open without a struggle; but it must also be confessed that, for the congenitally lazy, the saloon saves trouble. It not only

(Continued on page 96)



Stride

#### AT A GARDEN-PARTY: THE NEGUS HAILE SELASSIE

A recent snapshot of the former ruler of Ethiopia who is now resident in this country. The occasion was a garden-party at Englishcombe. With the Negus is Lady Barton, wife of the former Minister in Addis Ababa, Sir Sidney Barton. The Mayoress of Bath, Mrs. W. F. Long, is seen behind with Dr. C. A. Marsh, the owner of The Roseries, in whose beautiful grounds the party was held



# This England . . .



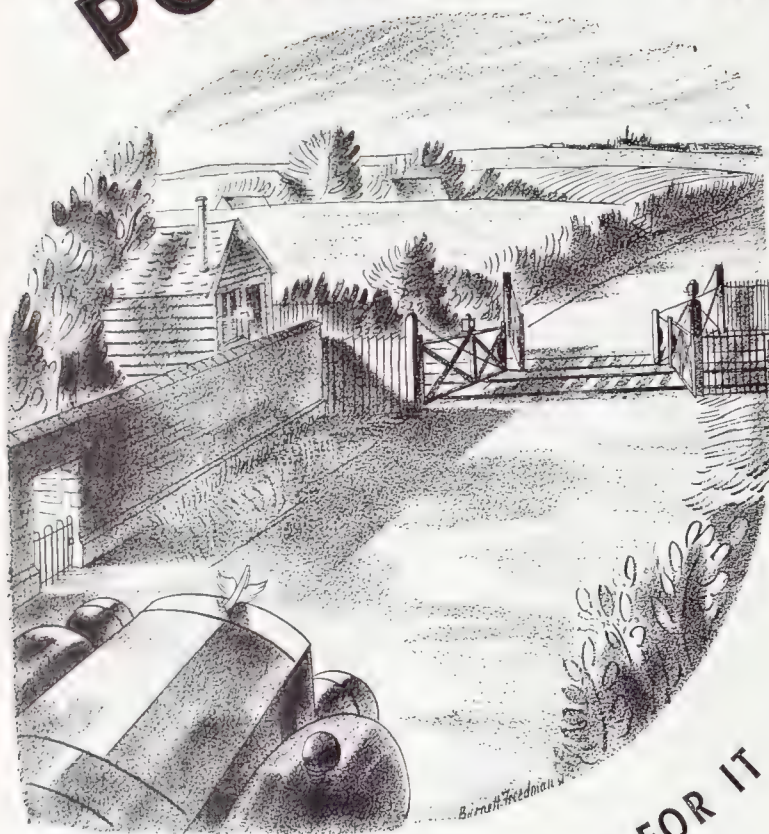
*Clovelly, N. Devon*

HERE is a place, you would say, that cannot change—a museum-piece with its winter flowers and staircase street that knows no petrol fume. And its little Norman church declares that even the lords of the manor have borne one name a good six hundred years—here surely was opportunity for change. Though no older than elsewhere, it is as if a root of that great tree that is England shewed above ground in these parts. Many such roots has England for her strength—in places, in men, and in the habits they have learned. The beer called Worthington, which has not changed these centuries past, is one that in its humble way has added not a little to the grand timber of the English frame.





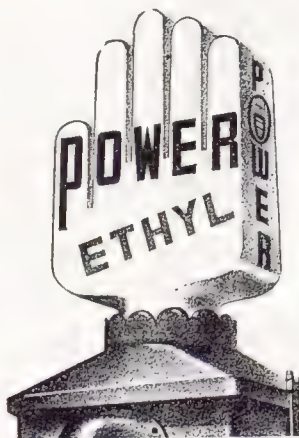
IT'S SAFER TO USE  
**POWER ETHYL!**



NO NEED TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT

I certainly don't relish the idea of trying conclusions with a locomotive... Risks aren't worth while... and even if I do have to wait, I can rely on the extra power of Power Ethyl to get me there on time... no wonder it has a reputation for being

THE MOST  
**POWERFUL**  
PETROL  
ON SALE!



## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 94

saves the trouble of opening and closing the car; but, what for many people is more important, it saves them from having to make a decision of whether to open it or not.

\* \* \*

### The New Triumphs.

At a large and impressive luncheon the other day the new Triumph cars were announced. They include the Triumph Vitesse saloon 14-60 h.p. model, which is stated by the makers to do a "comfortable 80" yet which sells at only £298. It was pleasing, too, to notice that the prices of these cars have been kept down, and Maurice Newnham explained this on the grounds that there had been manufacturing economies in the company's new factory at Coventry. Production of the 1937 cars, Newnham said, was 50 per cent. higher than in the previous year, and they are planning for even larger increases in 1938. The new Dolomites retain the famous and controversial radiator. An altogether new model is the 1½-litre saloon, which has an overhead-valve four-cylinder engine with a capacity of 1,496 c.c., and is rated at 11.8 h.p. Next in the Dolomite scale is the 14-60 saloon, and the largest is the 2-litre six-cylinder. The Vitesse models, in addition to the one already referred to, include the 2-litre, and then there is the Triumph Gloria six-window saloon, which sells at £288.

\* \* \*

### Changing the Oil.

That old question about whether it is worth while to change the engine oil at regular intervals crops up with monotonous regu-



CRICKET AT BRISTOL: WALTER HAMMOND AND MR. F. O. WILLS  
Mr. F. O. Wills was the organiser of a side, which included members of Gloucestershire County team, to play against Bedminster Cricket Club in connection with Gloucestershire County Cricket Club Coronation Appeal Fund. Walter Hammond, the great all-rounder and all-England, is seen awaiting his turn to bat

larity. The thing has been made the subject of a good many researches, and there is no question whatever about the correct answer. It is not that oil loses its inherent virtues by going through the engine. If it is kept perfectly clean it would probably not want changing except at very long intervals. But it does not keep clean. Remember this fact: An engine turns out more than a gallon of water with each gallon of petrol used. Most of it goes down the exhaust pipe, but some reaches the oil and starts sludge forming. Sludge will not lubricate. Nobody but an optimist of the most dangerous kind would expect that it could. So the oil must be changed regularly if the engine is to be kept running well.

\* \* \*

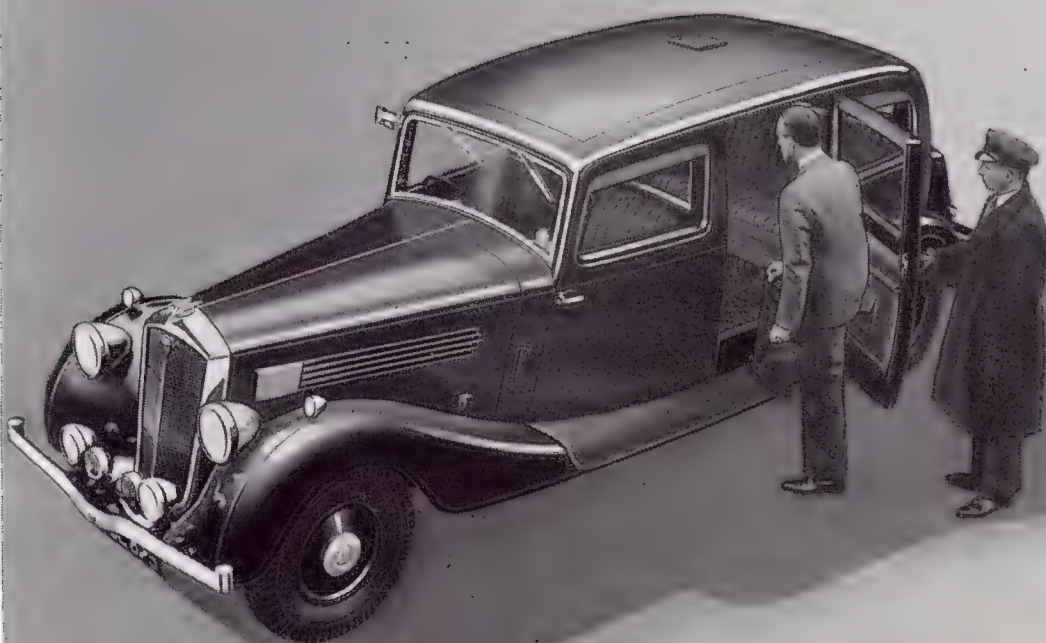
In the gay 'nineties cycling was the hobby of the leisured classes. The young and the old found relaxation in the new sport and schools for learners flourished.

In these days of fast cars one is apt to look upon the ubiquitous bicycle as the prerogative of the working classes as a utilitarian means of transport. But the socialite is turning once again to the bicycle as a convenient means of travel. Cycles have improved enormously during the past few years, and even the veriest novice finds comfort and confidence on a traffic-safe mount such as those manufactured by Hercules. The Hercules Company are the largest cycle manufacturers in the world, and their 42 models for 1937 are the very last words in modern cycle construction, particularly the de luxe model "T." No wonder cycling is so popular when cycles are so easy-running—different from the cumbersome 80-pounder of grandfather's days.



# An Oasis in the Stress of Modern Life...

*WOLSELEY*



Where is there time for quiet and lucid thought—for the decisions that make or mar? Only in the silence of your study and in that equally silent and still more comfortable "room" you call your Wolseley Limousine. Speeding effortlessly through space, restfully cushioned in soft cloth, with every convenience—from table to ash tray, perfectly placed for your comfort—the value of this lucid interval between one mental effort and another is worth to you many, many times the cost of this handsome, powerful, modern town carriage. You owe it to yourself to consider the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine from this point of view...

This illustration gives a good idea of the exceptionally roomy and comfortable interior. Arm supports, foot rests, ash trays, a useful table—all are perfectly placed for your comfort. With the two folding seats accommodation is available for 7 people with plenty of space to spare. The price of the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine is £750. (ex works). Like all Wolseley cars it is fitted with Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Safety Glass and Jackall Hydraulic Jacks and is covered by "Owner Contact" service, particulars of which your Dealer will gladly give you.

## WOLSELEY

### 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



## Air Eddies—continued from p. 92

a constant speed, controllable pitch airscrew; or in other words it gives, within limits set by the pilot, infinite variation of blade pitch. It is comparable with an infinitely variable motor car gear; but there is this difference, that it is far more valuable to an aeroplane than an infinitely variable gear can be to a motor car.

\* \* \*

## Hele-Shaw.

THE patents under which the Rotol is built are the Hele-Shaw and the original design was got out some nine or ten years ago and tested in a single-seater fighter. The working is hydraulic and the things in which this British airscrew differs from others are its lightness and the fact that, if desired, a gun can be mounted to fire through the centre of the shaft. The blades are of magnesium alloy and the airscrew for the Mercury engine, with a diameter of 10 ft. 9 ins., weighs only 288 lb. complete. I think we can justly regard that as a triumph for British aeronautical engineering.

I have felt it necessary to indulge in this outburst of technicality because the Hatfield display was an event which everyone should know about and appreciate. It brought together examples of the latest British work in aviation and showed that that work is not only advanced, but that in many ways it is more advanced than work being done elsewhere. I know of the high performance figures claimed for a number of foreign aeroplanes; but I do not know of the makers of those foreign machines demonstrating them in the air before experts from

this country. Yet that is what the British aircraft industry did at Hatfield. It invited experts from abroad and it showed them by practical demonstration what our aeroplanes and engines and components can do. To cautious people with Scottish names, that is the only sort of demonstration worth anything. British aeronautical engineering will stand higher than ever in the estimation of the world as a result of the Hatfield display. One more thing about the flying itself. This was governed by regulations as to height, and the consequence was that the style of some pilots was somewhat cramped.

Nevertheless, Flight Lieutenant C. S. Staniland gave an astonishingly fine exhibition in the Fairey P/4 bomber with Rolls-Royce engine. The thing that struck me most was the "sail" of this aeroplane when the engine is shut off. It seems to go on sliding through the air with nose up with scarcely perceptible loss of speed almost indefinitely. That is a tribute to good streamlining.

\* \* \*

## Martlesham.

Squadron Leader H. W. McKenna has been presented with a silver tray by past and present officers of Martlesham Heath. He served there for many years and was one of the most popular officers. He is now with Short Brothers.

\* \* \*

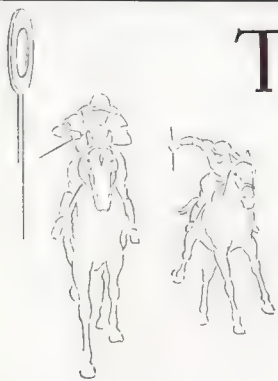
The last week of the present season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at Sadler's Wells opened on July 12. *The Mikado* will be given on Monday evening and Saturday matinee and evening, *The Yeomen of the Guard* on Tuesday, *The Gondoliers* on Wednesday, *Princess Ida* on Thursday, and *Trial by Jury* and *Pirates of Penzance* on Friday.



AT A RECENT MERRY PARTY

Looking at you, left to right: Mr. Reggie Williams, Miss Beryl Masland, Lady Alma Le Poer Trench and Mr. William Harris, who is to be married to Miss Elizabeth Coates at Southwark Cathedral to-morrow (15th). The hosts at this party were Lady Jean Mackintosh, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and Miss Mary Arbuthnot

## THINGS which make life worth while !



"SPECIAL RESERVE"  
and "FIVE STAR"  
VERY OLD LIQUEUR



**CRAWFORD'S**  
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

...one of the Good Things in Life!





*The 17 h.p. Town and Country Saloon £495 (ex works).*

IT pays to buy a pedigree car. The high mileage you buy in an Armstrong Siddeley—higher than in any other car up to twice its price—and the great reputation it has for year-in, year-out reliability and trouble free running, these are the characteristics found only in an individually produced car. In an Armstrong Siddeley there is nothing but first-class materials and workmanship with the result that its aircraft quality engine and its well finished coachwork alike will always maintain their fine condition.

When a man wants real quality he buys an Armstrong Siddeley.

Also available on the new 20/25 h.p. chassis at £595 (ex works).

Write for our interesting catalogue TL and let us arrange a trial through your local agent.

## THE TOWN and Country Saloon

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY  
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1      Agents in all principal centres.      MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST

U Y A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By  
M. E. BROOKE

"MAKE-UP" must blend or harmonise with the personality, contour of the face and colour scheme of the dress. This may sound complicated, but it is not really so when a visit is paid to the Tourneur salon which has recently been opened at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, where the service is free. It is a scheme that has come to London from America. Another point is that should a bride wish her bridesmaids and intimate guests to be endowed with radiant and beautiful complexions an assistant will be sent free of charge to make them up. All interested in the subject must make an opportunity of having a treatment at the earliest possible moment, when they will see for themselves how greatly it improves them, as their individuality is emphasised. The beach suits portrayed may also be seen here; they are of stockinette embroidered with white sou-tache. The wearers' make-up has been chosen to blend with the basic colour, in these instances green and blue. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that nowadays women may wear any shade they like; it is the cosmetics that have to be carefully considered

Picture by Blake





By Appointment

# YARDLEY

*Beauty Replacements  
from Bond Street  
-in demand all over the world*



At Forest Hills, international tennis draws thousands of lovely Americans, among the world's largest users of Yardley Beauty Replacements.

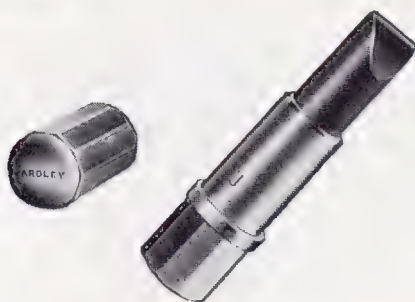


## To Devotees Of Sunshine

When summer turns fair skins to soft-rose-and-gold wise devotees of sunshine change their make-up subtly. These new tints in your colouring call for careful treatment, if you are to make them the asset they should be.

If you have already joined the throng of cosmopolitan beauties who know and love the misty loveliness of Yardley Complexion Powder you may find it wise to change your usual tone to either Rose Rachel or Gypsy shades, prepared with an eye to glowing skins. Your quieter shades of Yardley Lipstick, too, should give a place in the sun to those more glamorous.

Yardley Complexion Powder, Yardley Lipstick, and Yardley Beauty Replacements will bring out the loveliness that is yours by right. Find them quickly, anywhere in the world where the sun is shining. And send for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," or follow this Yardley treatment to keep sun-proof beauty in your skin this summer.



### YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR SUMMER SKINS

All Skins: **Liquefying Cleansing Cream**, equivalent to the cleansing oil in a perfect youthful skin, for cleansing at night. Followed by **Toning Lotion**, for a dew bath (non-astringent). All Skins: **Skin Food**, the equivalent of the skin's own depleted nutritive elements. All Skins: Morning wash with Yardley English Lavender Soap; freshening with **Toning Lotion**. Fair Skins: **Sun-proof Lotion** as a Powder Base. Dry Skins: **Complexion Cream**, nutritive powder base. Greasy Skins: **Complexion Milk**, a morning face bath; dry skins—leave on as powder base. All Skins: **Yardley Complexion Powder**, in glorious sun-shades to withstand the English Summer climate, prevent caking and discoloration. Large sizes, Creams, Lotions, 7/6. **Cream Rouge**, 2/-, **Eye-shadow**, 2/-, **Lipstick**, 3/-. All Skins: **Yardley's Suntan Oil** for tanning. **Sun-proof Lotion**, to prevent sunburn. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

Creams and  
Lotions

3/6 EACH

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 15/6.

## 33 OLD BOND STREET

LONDON, W.1

Regent 1501





# CHECKS *and* STRIPES

FASHION'S FAVOURITES

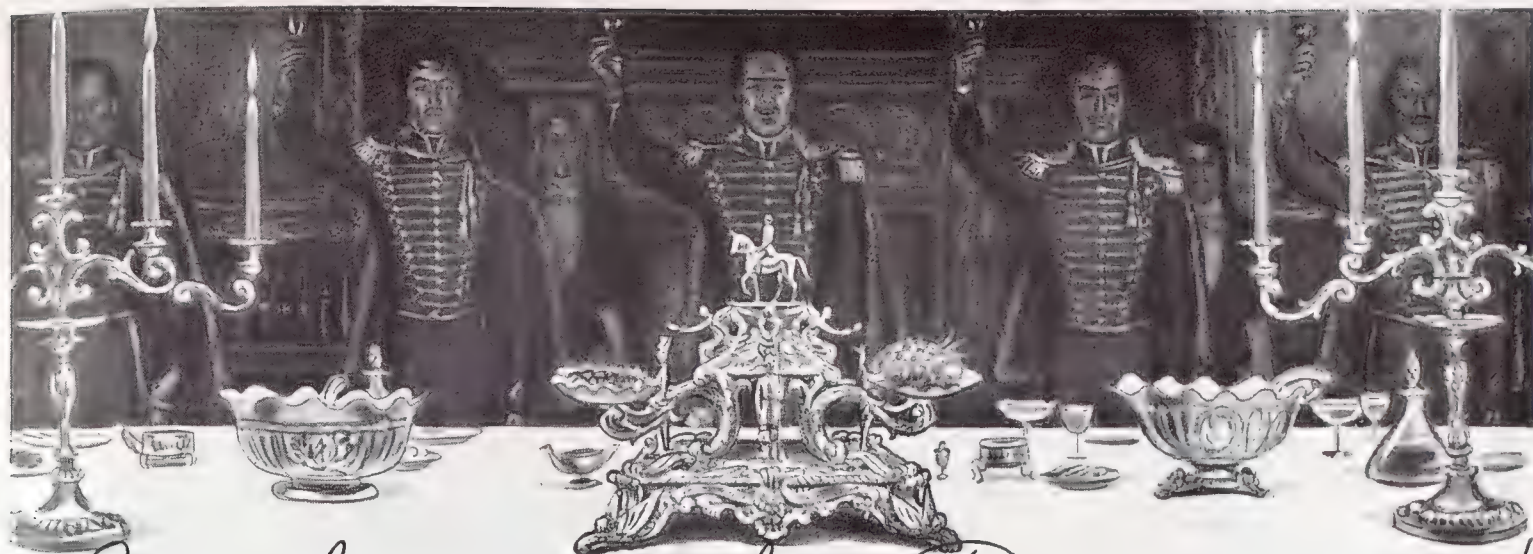
For the Twelfth



FASHIONS for shooting have been assembled in the Jaeger salons at 204, Regent Street; as a matter of fact, they have a section all to themselves. They advocate "plus fours" with finger-tip length jackets specially cut to slim the hips. The tailored suit on the right of this page may have a plain skirt or one with clever invisible trousers; it is ultra smart and is absolutely practical. A new note where the coat is concerned is the simulated waistcoat with its leather buttons and belt. In the new tweeds lovely Egyptian colourings are present; they include rich pottery brown, rust and glare red

AN autumn silhouette has been introduced in the Jaeger salons; it is achieved by an absolutely straight full-length coat with no defined waistline, but two rows of buttons. The same is noticeable in a three-quarter coat, and also in a waist-length model with a slight fall-over effect. Illustrated on the left is an ensemble which will appeal directly to women who like to be well dressed when travelling or in the country; it shows that there is no more distinctive alliance than rust and black. The plain black skirt is accompanied by a rust and black check waistcoat and a coat trimmed with black





*Gentlemen, the Regiment!*

*A Hundred* years ago the men who had fought at Torres Vedras and Waterloo toasted the young Queen, just entering on her great reign, then drank to the honour of the Regiment whose symbol stood on the table before them. Taste in silver designing has changed through the century, but Mappin & Webb are still responsible for many of the lovely pieces that grace certain famous tables. Visitors to London should seize the opportunity to inspect one of the three showrooms and see the fine selection of articles whose beauty, value and workmanship have established a world-wide reputation.



Fine examples of the British Silversmiths craft. This Handsome Sterling Silver Salver and Rose Bowl is typical of Mappin & Webb's Selection of Presentation Silver. There are many suitable pieces in Stock—at all prices—and there is a staff of Designers ready to prepare special Designs to commemorate any event.

# MAPPIN & WEBB *Ltd.*

156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1    172 REGENT ST., W.1    2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4    LONDON  
 Paris    Johannesburg    THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD    Buenos Aires    Rio de Janeiro, etc



# FLATTERING SIMPLICITY

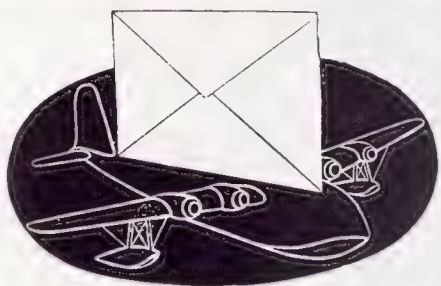


AN indisputable fact is that the "decorative" sunshade has passed away; it is too troublesome an accessory for the modern woman to cope with. The consensus of opinion is that its life was shortened by the really efficient creams whose mission in life is to protect the complexion from the unattractive attentions of the sun. The flattering shady hat has its rôle to play in this respect, and is very comfortable on summer days when held securely in position with an elastic of eyeglass cord dimensions to match the hair

THERE is no shadow of doubt that all women will be able to find their definite affinities in the kingdom of millinery in the Woolland salons at Knightsbridge. To them must be given the credit of the hats portrayed. On the left is a turban made of blue ruched silk reinforced with a veil covering the face. The large hat above on the right is of straw of gossamer-like lightness and fineness; the brim is edged and the crown enriched with marine blue ribbon. The hat below it is likewise ornamented with petersham; an ultra smart veil which does not handicap the vision of the wearer is skillfully introduced. At the base of the page is a marine blue hat finished with moiré ribbon. It must likewise be mentioned that this firm specialise in felt hats for sports and country wear in general; their weight is insignificant and they are perfectly ventilated







## ALL LETTERS

and postcards to

## East & South Africa

## BY AIR

INAUGURATION OF THE ALL-AIR EMPIRE MAIL

The All-Air Empire Mail was inaugurated 29 June, and all letters (and postcards) from the United Kingdom for East and South Africa will in future be carried by air at 1½d per ½-ounce without the need of affixing an air mail label to the envelope

This remarkable development in the speeding up of communication forms one of the most important of the ever-increasing links by which the Empire is more and more closely bound together

Other destinations will be added progressively—and as quickly as possible—to this great Empire Air Mail Programme of His Majesty's Government until all letters and postcards from the United Kingdom to Africa, India and Australia will be transported by air

Air communication will be so frequent that in future there will be no special 'Mail Day' for East and South Africa. Post at any time on any day of the week so avoiding the 'mail day rush' for your African correspondence. Business houses will benefit by the use of the special light air mail paper which can be bought at any stationer's

# IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Imperial Airways Ltd., Airway Terminus, SW1. VICTORIA 2211 (Day and Night). Imperial Airways is agent in Great Britain for Belgian Air Lines, German Airways, Swissair and Railway Air Services

Stuart

## DON'T TRUST THE SUN!

Sun-bathing, riding, golfing—wherever you spend your sunny hours this summer, be sure to guard your beauty with one of Helena Rubinstein's sun-protective foundations. They prevent the dangerous actinic rays from burning, blistering, coarsening or freckling your skin; and allow only the beneficial, beautifying sun rays to penetrate, bringing you new, youthful radiance. They also permit you to tan slowly, beautifully, or to remain fair, only simulating a tan!

### SUN-TONIC



Is the remarkable biological foundation which allows you to remain fair, or to tan slowly, attractively, depending on how much you use. Cool, smooth, and quickly absorbed, it takes your make-up beautifully. An excellent mosquito repellent for your neck, back, hands, arms and legs. A summer necessity for everyone! 5/6, 8/6.

### COTE D'AZUR FOUNDATION



Gives you a delightful tanned appearance, while actually protecting your skin. Easy to apply and remove, it is perfect for dry and normal skin, and comes in fashionable Light and Dark shades, 5/6, 8/6. Gypsy Tan Foundation is the ideal waterproof make-up for swimming. It protects and beautifies. Does not rub off. In fashionable Light and Dark Sun-tan Shades, 7/6.

### FOR A SUN-TAN MAKE-UP

Red Poppy Lipstick. It imparts a lustrous sheen to dry, pale lips, 6/6. Rouge to match, 4/6, 7/6. Beach Tan Powder—becoming, very adherent, 6/6 to 2/1-. Luminous Jade or Blue Eye Shadow, 4/6, 7/6; Blue or Brown Waterproof Mascara, 5/6.



### SUMMER BEAUTY CASES DE LUXE

There is one for every holiday need! Meticulously made of leather in many lovely colours, they are specially fitted with preparations individualised to the needs of your skin, and cosmetics in natural, protective or sun-tan shades—a boon to every woman at home or when travelling. From 2½ gns.

### NEW ELECTRO-TONIC TREATMENTS

Surpass anything before discovered for rejuvenating the face and throat, and for restoring vitality to fatigued young faces. Hollows or puffiness under the eyes, wrinkled eyelids, shrivelled throat or double chin yield amazingly to these most remarkable treatments. Telephone Regent 5232 for an appointment, or write for advice.

## helena rubinstein

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 81

when a crew is said to have "a hell of a bucket on," it does not mean that part of the boat's cargo is a tin pail. Some other expressions, such as "kicking their slides away," "pulling themselves up by the straps," "washing out" and "cutting their hands away" and "rowing it right back to their zephyrs" also seem to demand elucidation for the benefit of mere longshoremen. Rowing men have never been known to stand up in their boats and, out of sheer temper, start rooting their sliding seats into the river. "Cutting the hands away" again has nothing to do with a surgical operation, and "pulling themselves up by the straps" no connection whatever with what you may see going on in a crowded tube train.

It is probable that only the hierarchy at Burlington House know why the public have not, so far, been permitted to see the pictures of the best horse portrait artist in England, which is the same thing as saying in the wide world—Mrs. Horace Colmore. In her own department of art there is no one within even measurable distance of her, and though she is, as some of us know, kept extremely busy with portrait work of horses, hounds and even lesser dogs, it has always been a matter of wonderment to me that, knowing her subject as well as she does, she has not launched out into action pictures of horses, hounds and the men who ride and hunt them. Mrs. Colmore not only knows her anatomy marvellously well but she is a very great mistress of colour. These horses which



AT THE VICHY HORSE SHOW

A group of competitors at the recent show at Vichy. They are Mme. Hasselbach, Miss Bebe Baruch, daughter of the American financier, Mr. Bernard Baruch, Mlle. Hasselbach and Miss Barbara Donohue. The erection in the background is an "obstacle" in the French baronial style of architecture

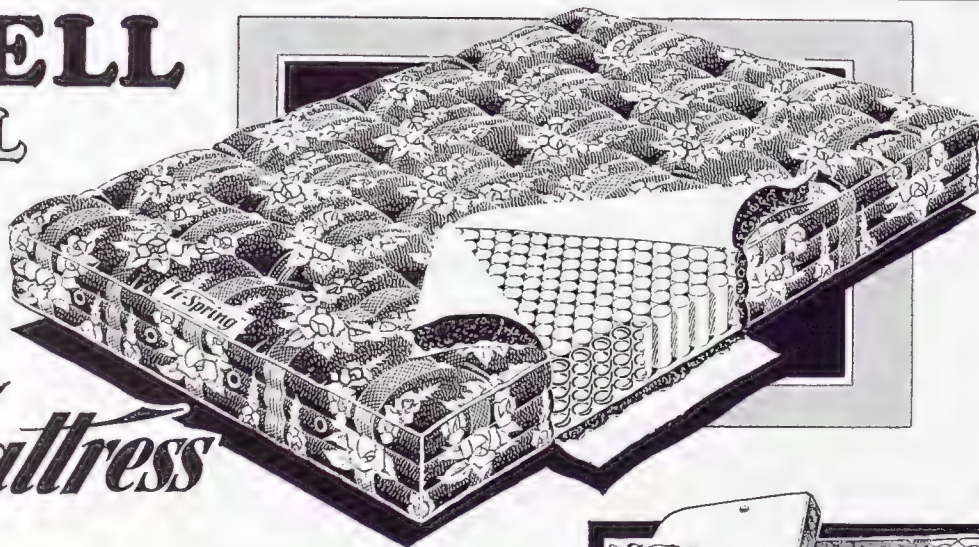
you will go to see at her this year's exhibition at the Arlington Galleries are all flesh and blood, and they are, furthermore, horses as you and I and the next chap know them and not as some people think that they ought to be, and actually never have been.

This exhibition, which is principally a loan one, is open until July 16, and anyone who is fond of the work of a really good artist, whether he be interested in horses or not, will be very remiss not to go and have a look-see. There are about thirty-five pictures in the exhibition, all former commissions bar one, a portrait of Sir Frederick Eley's Ximenes, famous in his racing days and now made immortal as a stallion by this beautiful picture in silver grey. The lighting on this horse is as wonderful as it was in that famous portrait of The Tetrarch, which Mrs. Colmore also painted. The presentation portrait from the Fernie Hunt to Captain Charles Edmonstone on his retirement from Mastership is another outstanding picture in the show. He is riding a grey blood hunter that it makes your mouth water to look at! Caroline Tremayne, Captain Charles Tremayne's little girl, riding another grey, "Mist," is yet another most attractive and beautifully painted picture.

The late Lord Beatty's chestnut hunter, "Gold Bridge," Mrs. Chester Beatty's "Great Scott," winner of the 1933 City and Suburban, and a magnificent bay weight carrier that has borne Lord Northampton for many a season, are only a few other real gems in this collection. I am not sure that I do not like this picture of this beautiful bay steed best.

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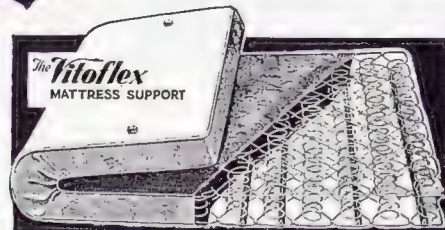
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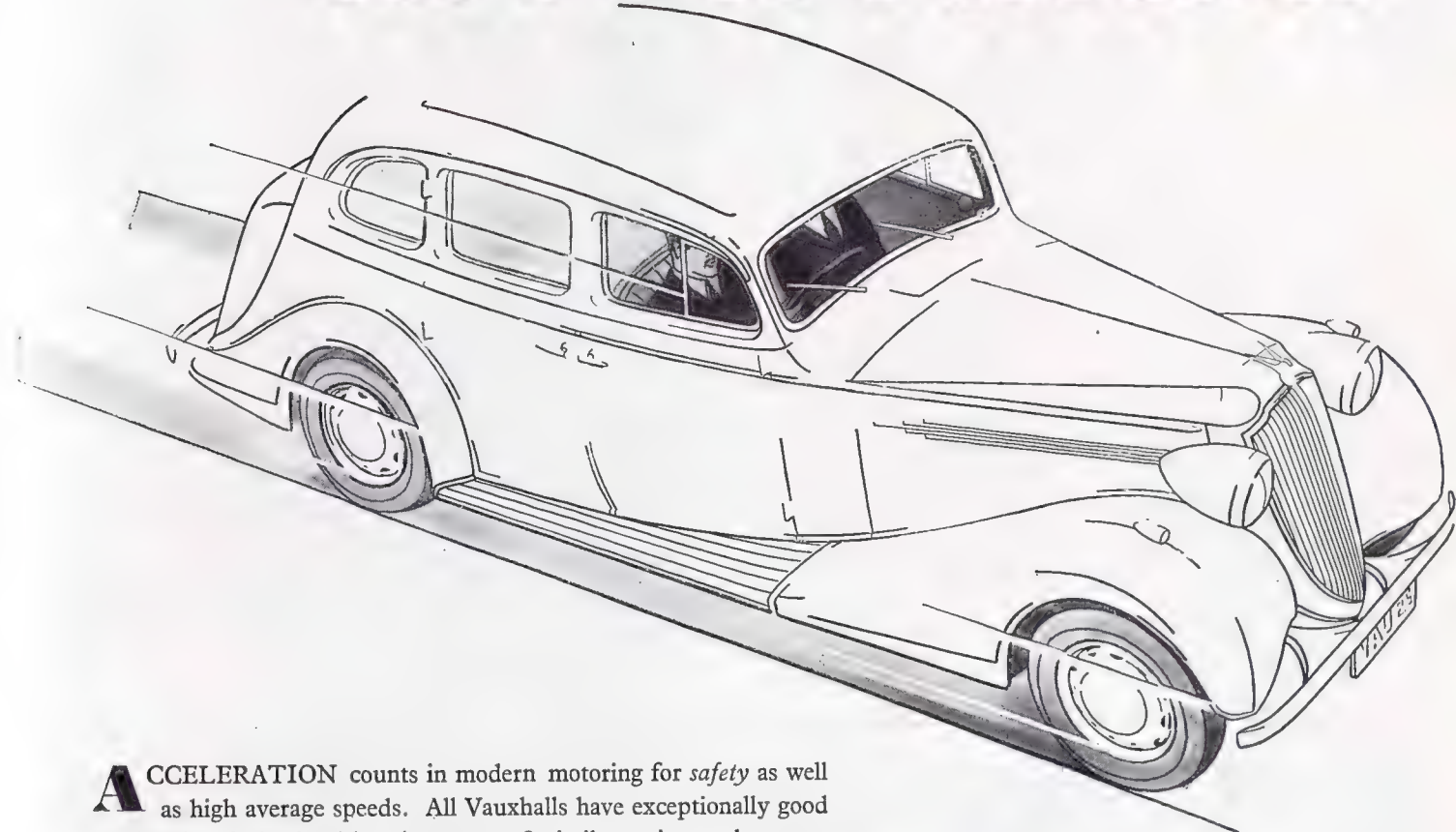
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# TRY OTHERS—LET A RIDE DECIDE VAUXHALL

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**"Injustice"**—continued from p. 90

"So Master Simon was a sheep-exporter, eh?" I said as cheerfully as I could manage. But my tone was not cheerful, and I knew it. I was looking, I felt, at no historical relic but at the actual agonies of Simon Wycherley, sheep farmer.

"That he was not," said the old man. "And that's where what I was saying about injustice comes in. Maybe you'd care to hear the story?"

I nodded. "Maybe—upstairs," I said. "It's warmer."

He nodded. "Just as you please," he answered; and a few moments later we were standing in warm sunshine at one of the big windows.

"What happened," said the caretaker, "was this. And it's a case of what few people knows the truth. This Simon Wycherley was an honest man, a small farmer doing nicely in his way, selling his wool in this very hall like others. He kept three hundred sheep. Now, one day, just as he's passing through the market, a foreigner comes up to him, and says, 'Nice sheep you got there—now, they'd do well where I come from over in Normandy.' 'Ah,' says Simon, 'but better here.' 'That's as may be,' says the Frenchie, 'but you wouldn't miss a dozen of ewes and a fat ram for a serving of them.' And then he gives Simon a price as makes his mouth water.

"I won't weary you with all that happened. This Simon was only human. We all has temptations sometimes. Just that once in his lifetime—he fell.

"Now, walls, they say, has ears. In this case it wasn't walls, it was a human being, a farmer who didn't have any too good cause to love Simon Wycherley. He chanced to be passing at the time—and the next thing was . . ." He grunted. "Well, you seen for yourself down there. A year of the dungeon and a left hand off.

"Simon went back to his farming. There wasn't going to be any more exporting for him. He'd learned his lesson and paid his price. Yet within a six months he was before the Court again, and on the same charge. You see, there'd been more exporting going on, and some of the sheep was Simon's. The Court wasn't going to believe the truth he told—that the sheep had been stolen from him for sale to Germans. He went back to the dungeon with his name blacker than ever, and a year after they dragged him out, half-blind with being suddenly in the sunshine, and cut his right hand off.

The caretaker paused, running his tongue slowly over his dry, old lips. "Imagine," he said slowly, "the injustice of it, the dark dungeon you seen, the months and months, and then the square here all filled with the cheering people while they took a cleaver to cut away the working hand which had done no harm. Imagine that!"

"It's certainly a gruesome story," I said.

"And not the end of it, no, not the end of it. You see, by this time sheep-exporting got known to be easy money. There was a band of folk hereabouts that stole the sheep and sold them, and not a soul was there as knew who they were. Never a day went by without twenty sheep going from here, forty sheep from there, fifty sheep from the other place—all good English sheep going to foreign parts.

"There was only one man they could pick on, and that was a man as had every cause to want a bit of revenge. That man was Simon Wycherley, the man they'd robbed of his two hands so that he was unfit for work, the man whose livelihood they'd taken away from him. They arrested him. They said to him, 'Come on, tell us who's a stealing of the sheep with you. Tell us, and you'll get justice.' He shook his head. 'Tell us,' they said. He answered them never a word. They burnt his foot-soles with faggots, they drove splinters under his nails, and he answered never a word.

"Then they did this. They shackled him down where you seen his bones, and they said, 'We're not killing you, but we're keeping you. And here stay you, Simon Wycherley, rogue and criminal, until you speak.'"

The old man broke off abruptly. "That's all," he said.

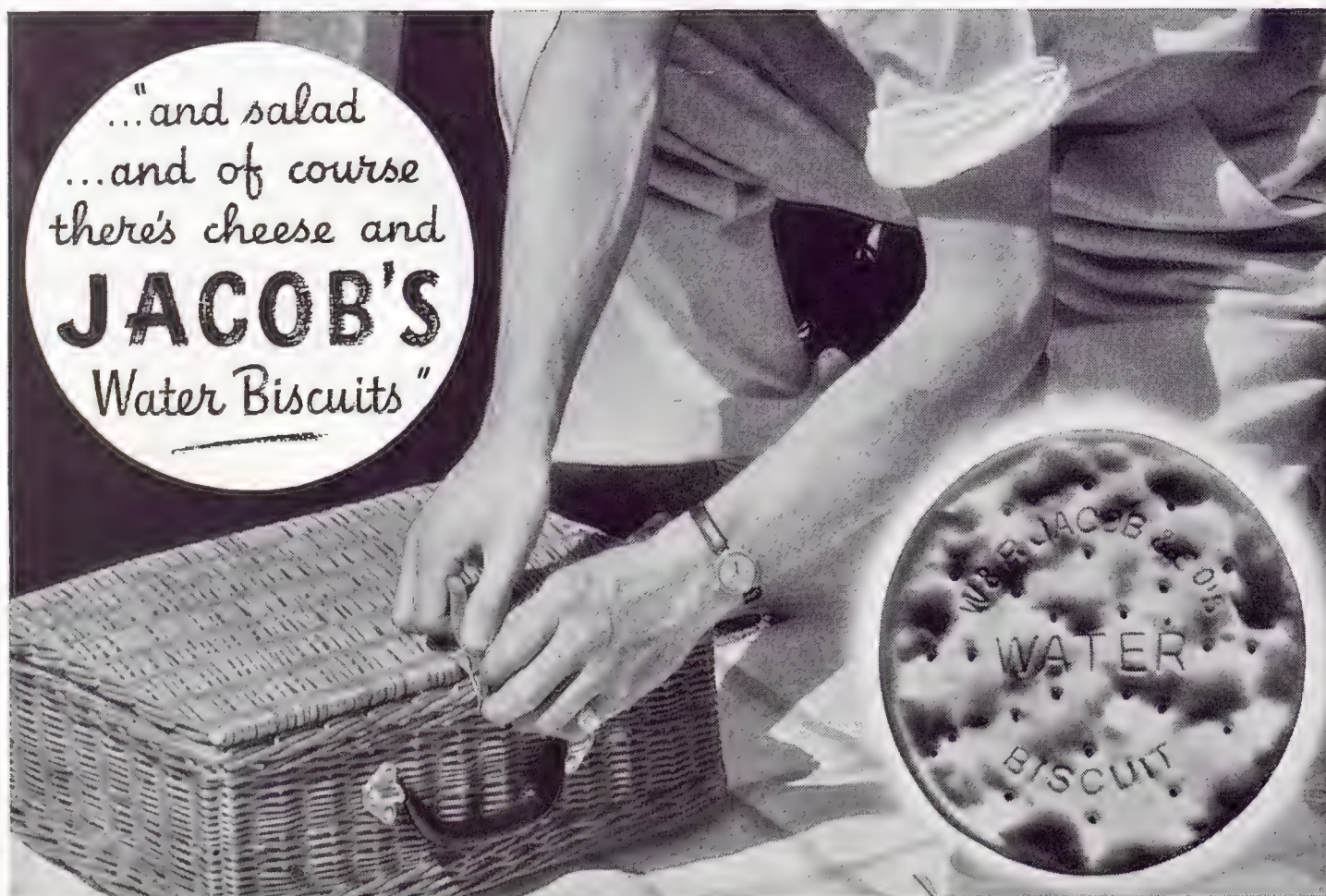
I began to wander towards the door, fumbling for a florin in my pocket. "I'm still not sure," I said, "how you know it was an injustice—maybe he was the ringleader."

I held the florin out towards the old man. He smiled at me queerly, shaking his head. "You won't believe, just like the rest," he said. My flesh went suddenly cold; for I saw that the arms beneath that shabby cloak, the arms to which I tendered my silver coin, were blunt and handless.

"I couldn't tell them," he said, "because I did not know."

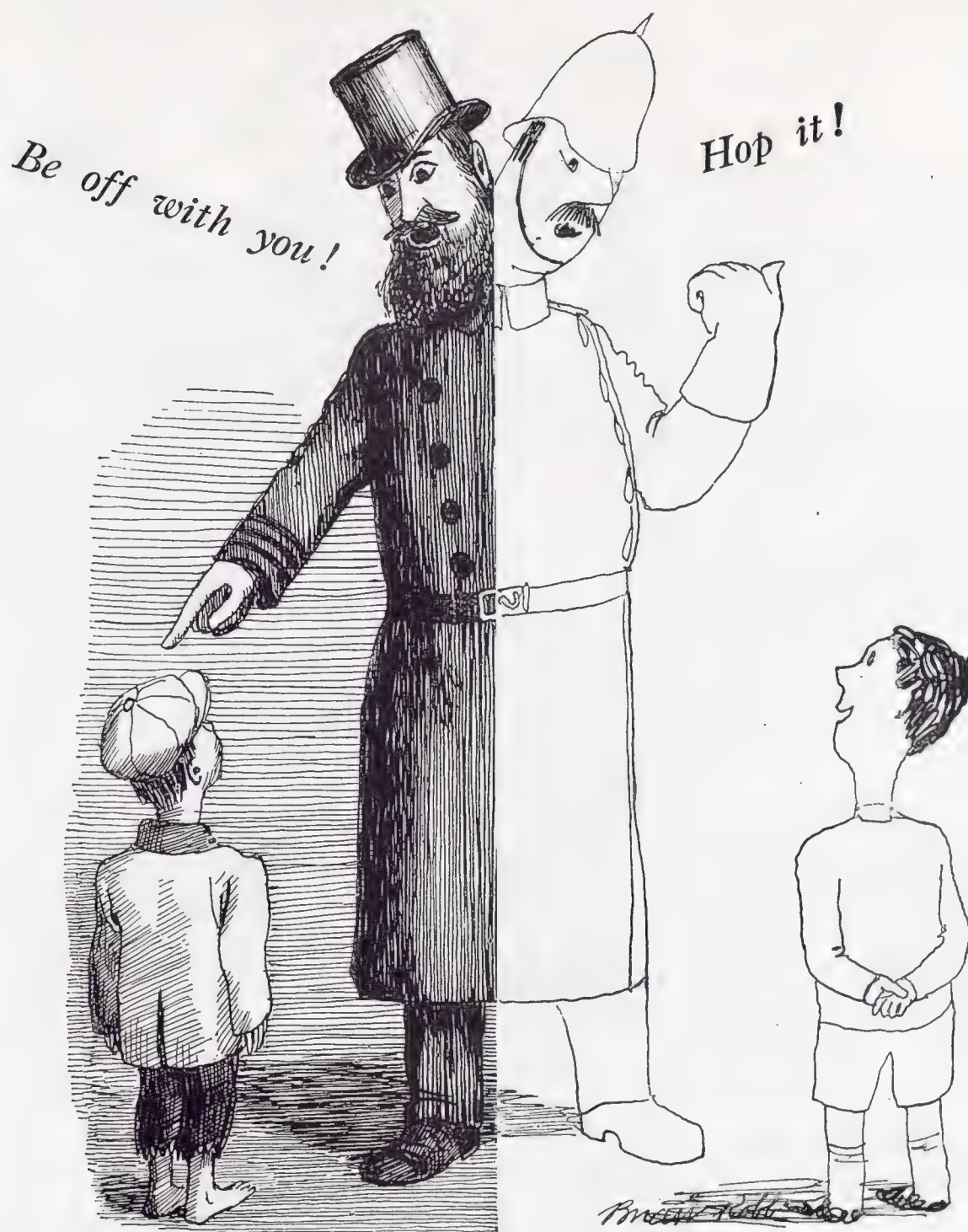
I ran on shaking legs into the sunshine of that deserted town, a sentence ringing in my ears, "Here stay you, Simon Wycherley, until you speak."

THE END



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## Polo Notes—continued from p. 82

Captain J. P. Archer-Shee (3)—total, 19 goals.

15th/19th Hussars: Mr. D. St. G. Martin (1), Mr. A. R. A. Dorrien-Smith (2), Captain W. R. N. Hinde (6) and Major T. J. Arnott (3)—total, 12 goals. If the 10th had been able to play Major Gairdner (8) their superiority in goal value would have been even more overwhelming.

\* \* \*

Of course, figures do not always pan out, but they did more rather than less in this case. In spite of this, there were not a few people who believed before the battle that the 15th/19th might just scrape home, because of the real good drubbing they had given the Bays in the semi-final (9 to 3), and also because they believed that Major Gairdner's absence from the 10th Hussars' side had made them vulnerable. This was not so certain, because, even disorganised, they had put the Royals out 8 to 3 in the other semi-final. In neither of these semi-finals did the losers go as well as they might have been expected to do, and I think myself that either of them might have beaten the 10th on how the latter went in the final. The Bays certainly ran a lot below their form in (a) their tie v. the Royal Artillery on June 10, which they won quite decisively 6 to 4, Captain B. J. Fowler and Major Jock Campbell being in the Gunner team, or (b) their winding-up gallop v. the Knaves when they won 10½ (rec. 6½) to 3—a win by 4 to 3, the Knaves at that moment including Captain A. H. Barclay, a former Queen's Bay, Captain C. T. I. Roark, Captain W. F. Butler and Major J. F. Harrison, a pretty hot combination for any regimental side to take on. If the Knaves were putting it all in, that trial was as good as a banknote and good enough to see the Bays through, 10th Hussars or no 10th Hussars. When, therefore, the 15th/19th, with one young player only in his second season, Mr. D. St. G. Martin (1), and a No. 2, Mr. Dorrien-Smith (2), laid the Bays out 9 to 3, a certain amount of optimism was justified. Some people also remembered that in the Tidworth tournament (May 27) the Bays (rec. 6½) beat the 10th Hussars 14½ to 7, the 10th then being at full strength. This meant that on that day the Bays would have won by one goal without their start. So on the form, it it were right, which, of course, it cannot have been, it was fair to think that the 15th/19th might beat a depleted 10th team despite the seven goal deficiency. It only went to prove yet once again how deceptive form may be. The final, as has been said, actually worked

out most accurately to figures, and the result was an extra feather in the caps of the Hurlingham Handicapping Committee. It was not their fault that it developed into a slow no-class kind of game. The Hurlingham No. 1 ground was fast and perfectly true, so that there was no excuse on that score. Neither of these teams as they were on the day would have lived with either last year's Royal Navy side, or the 12th Lancers last year or this year if they had gone into the final. The 12th got put out by the 10th at Tidworth on a heavy ground by 7 to 6, the ball bumping badly all the way over. The fast ground at Hurlingham on the day of the final would have been just the 12th Lancers' weather. To all practical intents and purposes they are the same team as the 10th with Major Gairdner.

\* \* \*

As a goal analysis is always rather handy for reference and provides a short story of the progress of any polo match, here is the one of this year's Inter-Regimental with a few added figures which may also be of some service:—

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	5th.	6th.
10th Hussars	2	1	3	1	0	1=8
15th/19th Hussars	1	1	0	1	0	0=3

10th Hussars put the ball over the line 8 times.

15th/19th Hussars put the ball over the line 10 times.

The 10th Hussars had the bad luck of any casualties that were on offer, as in the 4th chukker Captain Archer-Shee's pony came down, crossed his legs probably, and the rider was concussed. Mr. J. W. Malet, who, incidentally, came in for Major Gairdner when the latter was disabled in the semi-final of the Indian Inter-Regimental last year, took the place of the injured. So far as the result was concerned it did not matter, as the 10th were then leading 6 to 3.

\* \* \*

The Colonel-in-Chief of the winners was present, and his consort, the Duchess of Gloucester, graciously gave away the cups after the match. The Colonel of the 15th/19th Hussars, Brig-General Giles Courage, was also present, as also were two more of the famous 15th Hussar team of way-back days, Major F. W. Barrett and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Denis Bingham, the other sole survivors. Incidentally, Lord George Scott, an uncle of the Duchess of Gloucester, was the 10th Hussars' No. 1 the last time they won this Cup in England in 1893. The only other time they have won at Hurlingham, bar on this present occasion, was in 1888.

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## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 84

match. I watched it closely to see whether my previous impressions of Miss Dearman, garnered from last year's Wightman Cup matches, when with victory in sight for her side she cracked badly, were just. I am afraid, alas! they were. She has not the instinct of the really first-class player, who knows when to put on pressure, when to get the ball back into court at all costs, and when to take risks. I feel with her as with so many of our women players, she simply hits the ball and hopes for the best. That may be good enough to win tournaments at home, but it is not good enough for an international contest.

Incidentally, if, as has been suggested in some quarters, the team has been chosen not for its playing prowess, but for its social possibilities as diplomatic envoys, so that it doesn't matter if they lose every match so long as they win the heart of the great American public, I would suggest that Mr. Tim Horn, the admirable manager of the side, holds a daily class on board ship to instruct the pupils in his charge on how to greet their victors at the end of the match with a winning smile. For I was astonished, remembering our reputation for sporting manners as a nation, at the end of one ladies' match, to see that the losers, so far from advancing to the net to shake hands, did not even try to force a smile or to hide in any way their bitter chagrin at losing.

And it seems to me that this incident which I have noted is a typical example of how many star tennis players to-day take both the importance of the game and their own importance in ratio to the world at large far too seriously. For, after all, hitting a white ball over the net, even if it is no longer considered a soft white ball, is not a matter of supreme importance to anyone except the hitters. And it shouldn't be—even to the hitters. Again, though no one was sorrier than I was to see my favourite for the Wimbledon title, Senorita Lizana, dismissed in summary fashion by Madame Mathieu, I felt even sorrier when I saw our charming visitor from Chili leave the court in a flood of tears under the escort of one of the officials, Mr. Teddy Tinling, whose unenviable task it is on these occasions to comfort the fallen as well as to lead out the combatants to battle.

Knock, knock . . . who's there? But when a man's voice answers there is no consternation within the purlieus of the ladies' changing room, because they know from previous experience that if there is one person in the ground who can calm their nerves as he conducts them along the passage to the Centre Court it is this tall, dark, smiling young man, who, a first-class player himself, now sacrifices his chances of an annual holiday from his extremely successful work as a dress designer to play an official part at Wimbledon. He can tell you many stories—alas! most of them unprintable—of what players have said to him in the moment before they pass from the wings on to the stage, for there isn't a single champion in the last decade whom he has not tended at such moments. And for that reason he has become one of the shrewdest students of form in the world. Quite early in Wimbledon he will say, "I don't think that so-and-so—one of the favourites—will stand a fortnight's strain of this"—and he will be right, having seen them in moments as intimate almost as those which people spend upon their knees.

In the same way and for the same reason; when at the end of a first week I asked him whom he thought was going to win the women's singles and he replied cryptically, "Dorothy Round is the unknown factor in this year's tournament," I suddenly realised that Miss Round had been too much neglected by the prophets, who, because of the poor form she had shown earlier in the season, had forgotten that it is the privilege of a champion to keep her best play for the most important occasion.

And so, indeed, it proved in the case of Miss Round, who, during the second week, caused havoc among her rivals, sweeping through Madame Mathieu and Helen Jacobs with the loss of only ten games in two matches. And so she came to the final a strong favourite, since it was felt that her winning vein would carry her successfully out of her last Wimbledon into marriage. All the same, things did not look so rosy for England when her Polish rival actually led 4-2 in the final set, but then, unnerved by the nearness of her goal, collapsed in a dither and allowed Miss Round to beat her on the post. It was not a great match. There were too many mistakes on both sides, and I could not help remembering as I watched it, how Susanne Lenglen, during the whole course of her supremacy, never served a single double fault on the Centre Court. How far away that era seems now!

Firth Shephard, who had four successes to his credit last season, is planning four new productions for the autumn.

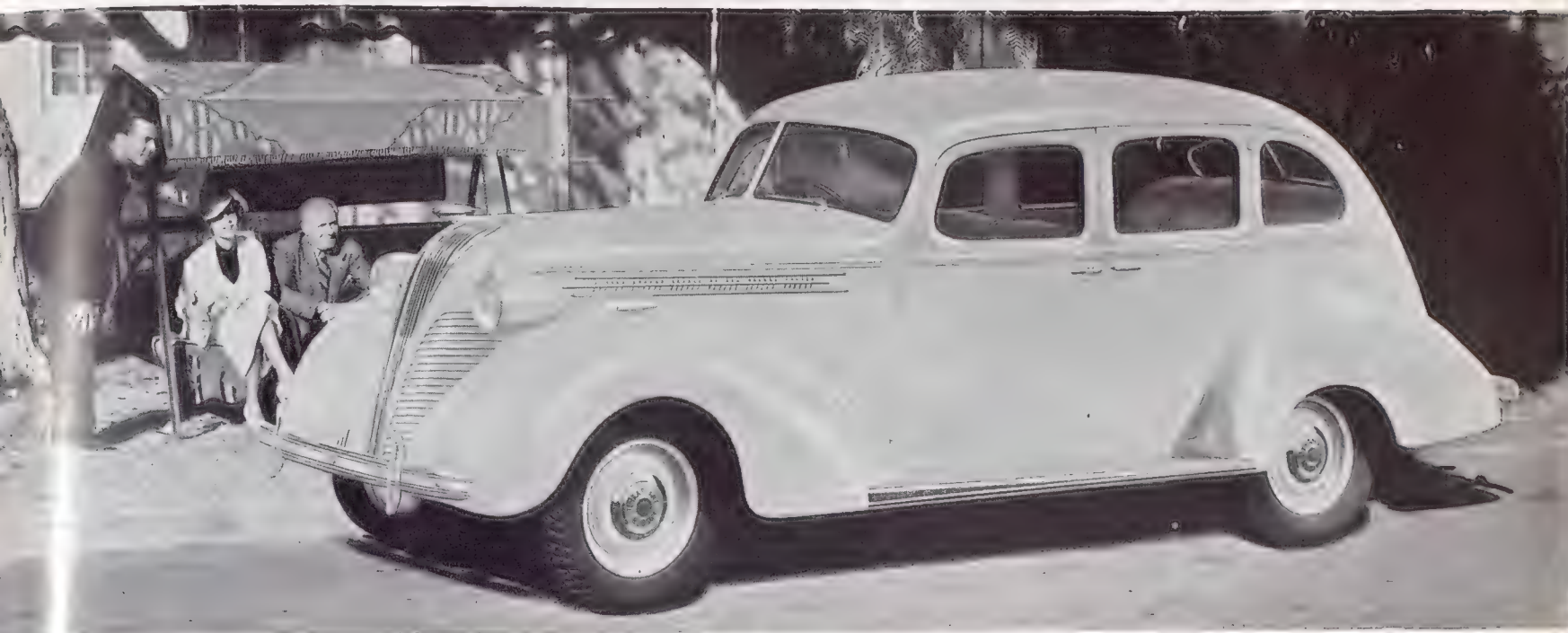
The first will be the successor to *The Frog* at the Prince's Theatre, a new play of mystery and adventure in 17 scenes, devised by Firth Shephard and written by Ian Hay (who adapted *The Frog* from the Edgar Wallace novel).

The title is *The Gusher*—it was originally called *Liquid Gold*—and the first performance is fixed for Saturday, July 31. Herbert Bryan is the producer, and in the cast of 70 will be many of *The Frog* company, including Christine Barry, Cyril Smith, Henry Thompson, Albert Ward, David Marsh, and Percy Parsons.

Important newcomers to the Prince's will be Olga Lindo, John Hickson, Jack Livesey, and Alistair Sim.



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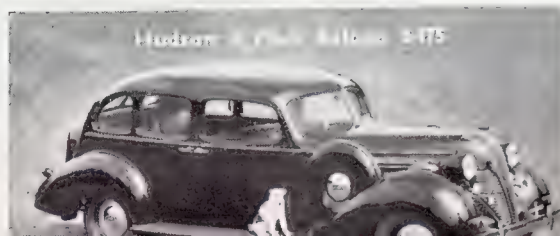
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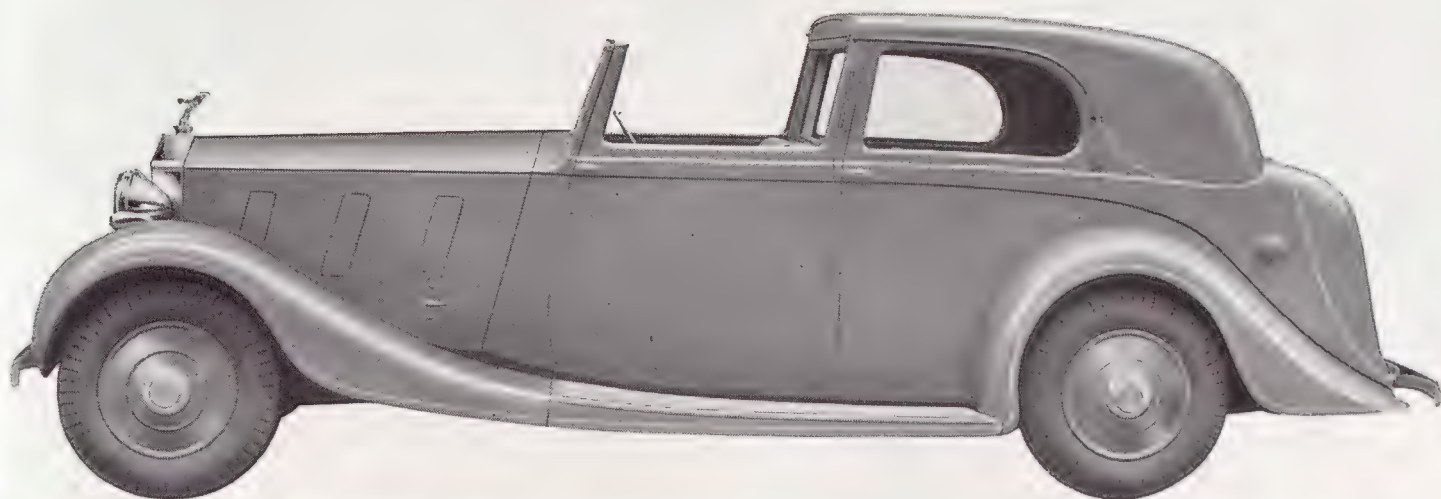
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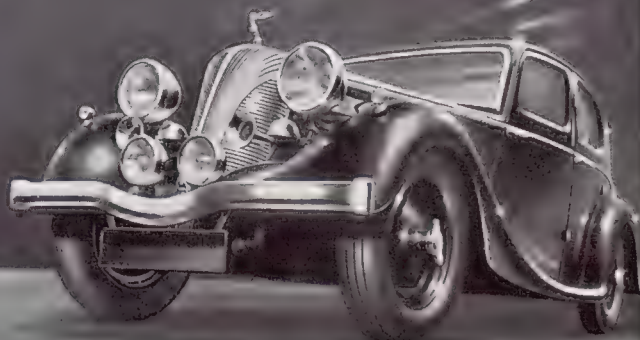
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The car illustrated  
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2-litre Sports saloon	£338
"DOLOMITE"	
1½ litre saloon - -	£328
"DOLOMITE"	
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JENNIFER OF SILPHO

The property of Mrs. Sugden

The French Bulldog is unsurpassed as a companion for those who lead an ordinary life. He is not a dog who is always longing for a rough country walk, ordinary exercise is enough for him. He is, besides, extremely intelligent and devoted to his owner. He has had the compliment of a monograph all to himself by Maeterlinck, and Galsworthy in one of his books takes a French Bulldog as a type of civilisation. Mrs. Sugden owns a famous kennel of French Bulldogs. She sends a photograph of a coming star, related, of course, to her famous champions. There are one or two for disposal, including a daughter of Ch. Germaine, eight months old, very good indeed, and some younger puppies, also a Boston Terrier dog puppy, which breed Mrs. Sugden has lately gone in for. All these are, of course, as well bred as possible.

The Deerhound is one of the most beautiful and attractive of the dog family. His ancient lineage shows in his appearance, which is well bred to a degree. For some time after his occupation was ended by changed methods of sport and the modern rifle, there was a fear

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

With July the field trial season begins. The Ulster Red Setter Club Trials take place on July 23 and 24; the Scottish Gundog Association Pointers and Setters at Buchanan on the 27th and 28th; the Scott Field Trials Association on the 30th and 31st; the I.G.L. Pointers and Setters Society at Glenbervie on August 4 and 5; their Championship is on August 6.

that the Deerhound would cease to exist, but he had good and faithful friends, the danger is now over, and he is known for what he is, one of the most charming and best mannered of companions. Those who own him are enthusiastic about the last point, how they can take their Deerhounds anywhere and they will never let them down. About his beauty there is no doubt. The Misses Loughrey's kennel is world famous; many are the champions they have bred and shown. Miss H. Loughrey has hurt her ankle and therefore is unable to do as much exercising as usual, so there are several promising young hounds for sale, most moderately priced, which would otherwise have been kept. Also two forthcoming litters by Chs. Prophetic and Cleric can be booked for a comparatively small price. This is a chance to obtain one of this most famous strain. The photograph is of Ch. Cleric of Ross, a well-known winner.



CH. CLERIC OF ROSS

The property of the Misses Loughrey



BASSET HOUNDS

The property of Miss Swan

The Basset Hound is another breed which, after suffering eclipse, is coming to his own again. He is a French hound, and has been used and bred there for many generations. It is odd that the Basset is not more used here for hunting, as owing to his conformation he is not nearly as fast as the Beagle, so can be much more easily kept up with. Bassets have wonderful noses. At the beginning of this century they were very popular, then went out of favour, but are now coming back. Miss Swan has two Bassets which are her constant companions. She sends their photograph; the sire is one of the famous Walhampton pack. There are some puppies for sale, ten weeks old, all of which are suitable for companions or sport. The mother is seen in the photograph.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.

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Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



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**2/6**  
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TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart. TATTOO your eyelashes!



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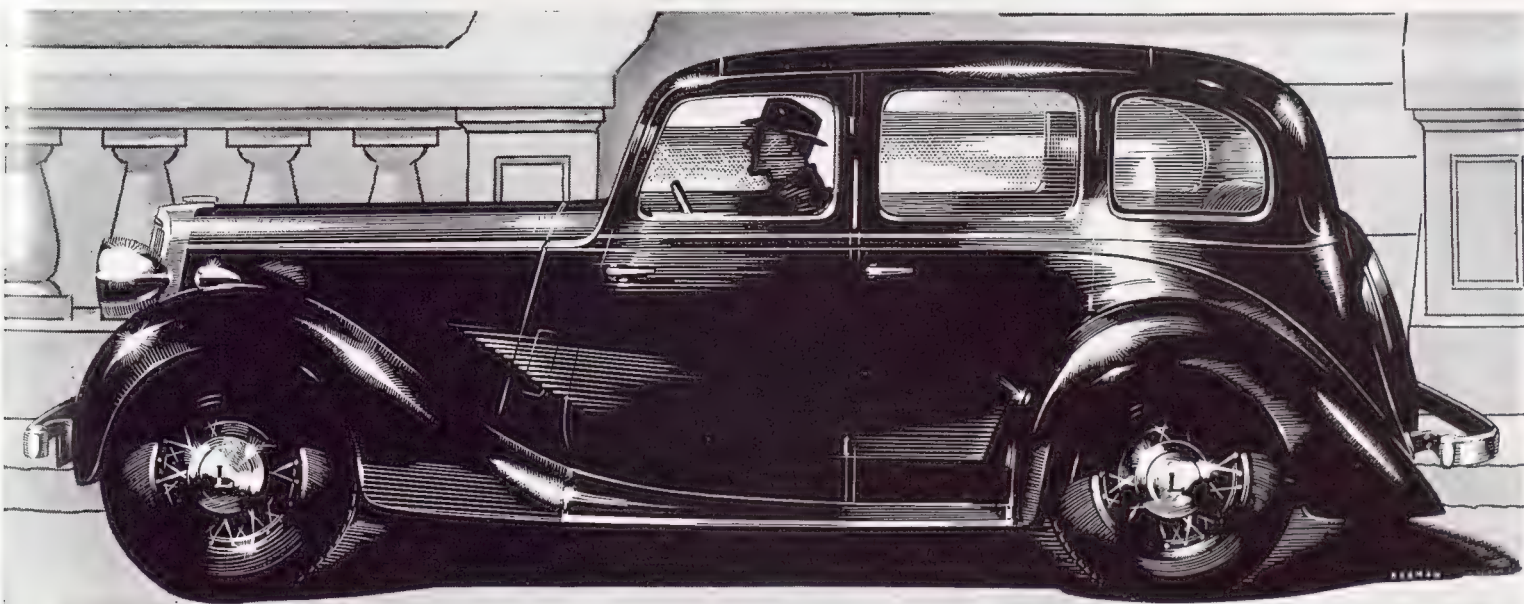
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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Marrying Abroad.

Dr. E. Welleson Clark and Miss M. L. Kerse are being married in Mexico City at the end of the month. Dr. Welleson Clark is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Clark, of Oakley, Bedfordshire, and Miss Kerse is the younger daughter of the late Mr. George Whitelaw Kerse and Mrs. Kerse, of Mexico City. The marriage between Lieutenant W. A. Adair, R.N., only

son of Colonel and Mrs. A. C. Adair, of Mauchline Castle, Ayrshire, and Joan Dorothea, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. E. Middleditch, of Carshalton, Surrey, will take place shortly in Bermuda, and Mr. D. G. Haigh, son of A. G. Haigh and Mrs. Haigh, of Banbury, and Miss Ella Thomas, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. A. N. Thomas, of Farnham, Surrey, are being married in Calcutta, in August. The Rev. W. Orpwood and Miss L. Forbes will be married in Uganda.

## September Weddings.

The marriage of Mr. N. C. Butler-Madden, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Butler-Madden, of Taiping, Perak, F.M.S., and Miss Joan Linda Park, only daughter of the late Captain A. K. Park, 10th Gurkha Rifles, and Mrs. Park, will take place on September 4 at Preston-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. G. A. Goyder, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William Goyder, of Cedar Cottage, Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, and Rosemary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Bosanquet and Mrs. Bosanquet, of Rock Moor, Alnwick, Northumberland, are being married in September.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. Malcolm Deas, Royal Tank Corps, only son of Colonel L. J. M. Deas, I.M.S. (ret'd.), and Mrs. Deas, of Bourne-mouth, and Anne Findlay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Pige-Leschallas, of Charmingster House, Dorchester; Mr. Cecil Havilland De Sausmarez, only son of Brig. - Gen. C. De Sausmarez, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. C. De Sausmarez, of Woodleigh, Sunninghill, Berks.



Cannons of Hollywood

THE HON. LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH

Who will be married to Mr. Edmund Stockdale on the 24th of this month. Miss Fermor-Hesketh is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Hesketh and a sister of Lady Revelstoke. Mr. Stockdale is the second son of Major and Mrs. H. M. Stockdale, of Seaford, Sussex



Pearl Freeman

MISS MARGARET HUGHES

Miss Hughes, who is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. G. K. Hughes, 52nd Light Infantry, and of Mrs. Hughes, of Barn House, Watlington, is engaged to Mr. Robert C. Yule, Royal Signals, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. U. Yule, D.S.O., Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Yule, of Fleet, Hants

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I have known the agony of hot throbbing feet, fallen arches, and a stab at every step I took. Just when I thought I was in for a life-time of foot-troubles and my work was getting so arduous that I had half a mind to resign—

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A new model town shoe in navy blue glacé kid, with open lacing of silk cord through navy suede vamp ... 25/-

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. A series of misfortunes has overtaken a poor Bedfordshire working-class family—a father, mother and six children, aged from four to eighteen years. The eldest boy has tuberculosis, and the two youngest children have both just had diphtheria; the mother, overworked and worried, is suffering from heart, and now the father, who is in a motor works, has developed arthritis and has to have regular hospital treatments. We urgently ask for £20 to help this most unfortunate family. Special nourishment is needed for the convalescent children, money for the frequent fares to hospital for the father for his treatments, and a little more to meet the weekly budget, which it is so hard for the weary, overworked mother to balance.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week René Blum is presenting *Ballets de Monte Carlo* with creations of Michel Fokine direct from the London Coliseum. They are giving two matinees, on Thursday and Saturday.

## Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 54)

the small of the back that would have flattened Farr, he declared, "It's the kidleys, très mal,"



AT THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Amongst the guests of the Sulgrave Manor Board's Coronation garden party were, left to right: Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Mr. Richard Cartwright, the Hon. Mrs. Fremantle and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Cartwright. The ancient Manor and its surroundings were at their best and practically all Northampton plus an American detachment, including H.E. the American Ambassador, Mr. R. W. Bingham, were there

and giving her a drench of Glaubers which, like faith, would have removed mountains, he left the suffering woman with a conviction that French medicos were professional sadists. I never quite see the object of Bumpers' races, but then we don't all have the same urges, and the answer is if you don't like them don't go to Bibury. Frankly, I went to the meeting on reading in the list of probabilities in *The Sporting Life* that SALENA was to be ridden by Mr. P. Thellusson at 11 st. 6 lb., but my journey was made in vain. I suppose there is a thrill in them, but where the gentlemen got it on the first day I didn't see. To get up in the rain and be beaten, as many of them were, by absolutely literally over a hundred yards in a mile and a half race can't be terribly exciting. The first whipper-in to a crack pack of beagles would hand in his portfolio if asked to do his work on such animals.

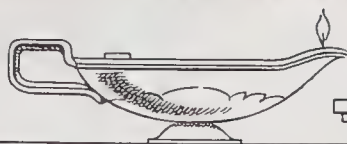
It was at this meeting a year or two ago that a bumper elected to wear spurs, but getting into a good tangle with them on the way down he took them off at the post, and as the only way to carry them put them inside his breeches. Working their way round to the back the procedure was reversed, and he practically ran away with his horse the whole way back, the judge's verdict being that he passed the post a length and a half in front of his own horse. This is a true tale.

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

<p><b>AUSTRIA</b> Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-ren'd. hotel of Austrian Alps. 60 miles fr. Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up. Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna. Suedbahn Hotel, The Gopher's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.</p> <p><b>BELGIUM</b> Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre.—1st class modern comfit. in old-world setting. Ex. Cuisine. Garden. Restaurant. Rooms fr. 4/6 or Pens. fr. 10/6 day. Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke. Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.</p> <p><b>CZECHOSLOVAKIA</b> Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospects.</p> <p><b>FRANCE</b> Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc Winter and Summer Residence. Cap-Martin.—Cap-Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo &amp; Menton. Tennis, swim. pool, 15 ac. priv. pk. Incl. fr. 70 Frs., w. bath fr. 85 Frs. Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms. 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive fr. 65 Frs. With bath fr. 80 Frs. Open all year. Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st cl., up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all the year. Inclusive fr. 50 Frs., with bath fr. 65 Frs. Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate. Le Touquet, P. de C.—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October. Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.</p> <p><b>GERMANY</b> Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue".—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospects. Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel. Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14. Baden-Baden.—Buhlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.). Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM.11 upwards.</p>	<p><b>GERMANY—continued.</b> Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opposite Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM.5. Pension fr. RM.11. Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate. Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM. 11-up. Personal management: H. A. Rössler. Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9. Bad Kissingen.—Staats. Kurhaushotel.—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages. Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshot.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park. Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Sited directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9. Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937. Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—1st-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opp. Baths &amp; Springs. Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bath. Pension from RM.11. Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10. Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatsl.—Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50. Cologne.—Hotel Comedienhof.—Nr. Stn. &amp; Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. RM. 4, lav. &amp; toil. fm. RM. 6 pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr. Cologne.—Excelsior Hotel Ernst.—The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral. Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenthof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director Otto Holl. Cologne.—Hotel Monopol—Metropol.—The modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant. Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading hotel. Unique pos. on river. Garden-park. Terraces. Redcd. rates. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider. Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.</p>	<p><b>GERMANY—continued.</b> Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms. 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants. Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B. fr. 9. Frankfurt-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive Grill-room. Bar. Frankfurt (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms fr. M. 5. Garage &amp; pumps on premises. Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms. Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms. Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbühl.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine. Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5. Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest. Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus &amp; Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.). Sit. on the Black Fst. 160 beds. All m. cit. Pens. fr. RM. 7 to RM. 9. Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most pert. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com. Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage. Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube. Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New garage in hotel. Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates. Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated at entrance of the old town. Opposite the station. Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. hotel (2,000 ft.) Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing, incl. terms fr. Mk. 6. Catalogues. Sasbachwalden Black Forest.—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house designed for the few-priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. htl. Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.</p>	<p><b>GERMANY—continued.</b> Walchense.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful Lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World ren'd. Finest position opp. Park &amp; Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc'y. Pens. fr. 12 Mk. Wiesbaden.—Palas Hotel.—1st-class hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath establishment. Pension from RM. 10. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English &amp; American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 11. Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons).—Select home of Society. Best postu. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12. Wiesbaden.—Victoria Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, garage. Pension from 8 Marks.</p> <p><b>ITALY</b> Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—Regina Palace Hotel.—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.</p> <p><b>SWITZERLAND</b> Guntlen.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full sth. on Lake front. Large Park. 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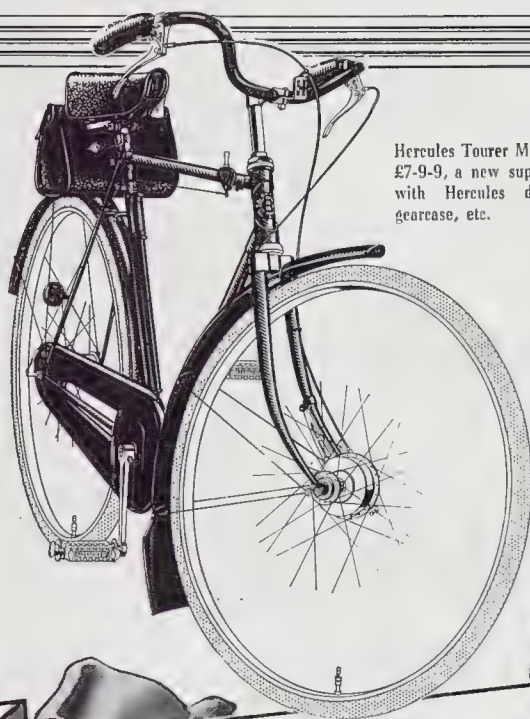
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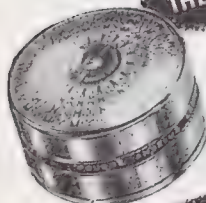
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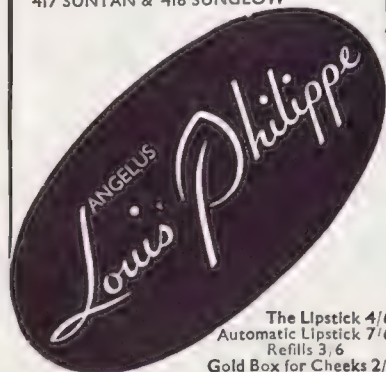
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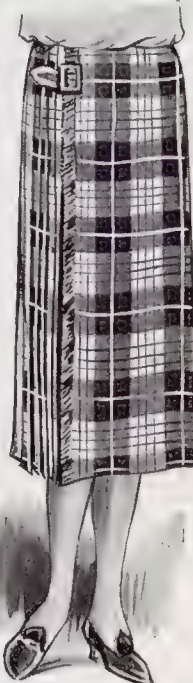
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No. 1881, [JULY 14, 1937]

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## INVITATION

## TO AUTUMN

**A**S a House of Fashion we are always a little ahead of the mode—leading style rather than following it.

*And although our July Sale is now in progress, we have arranged for a special section in each of our fashion salons to be devoted to a display of Advance Autumn Fashions.*

**W**E are showing the new Models in Suits, Ensembles, Coats and Day and Evening Gowns, as well as a fine collection of Clothes for the North.

*From the special display of Early Autumn Knitwear.*

**T**HE Jersey Two-piece shown on the left is a very effective mixture of a multi-coloured check and spot design on a black ground. The edges of the Coat are finished with pipings of the three predominating colours.

**9** Guineas.

**K**NITTING and Tweed combined in a jaunty Three-piece Suit. The model photographed on the right is portrayed in *Serpent*, the new Autumn colour; the georgette scarf is in Auburn colour.

**11½** Guineas.

*Special measures 10/6 extra.*

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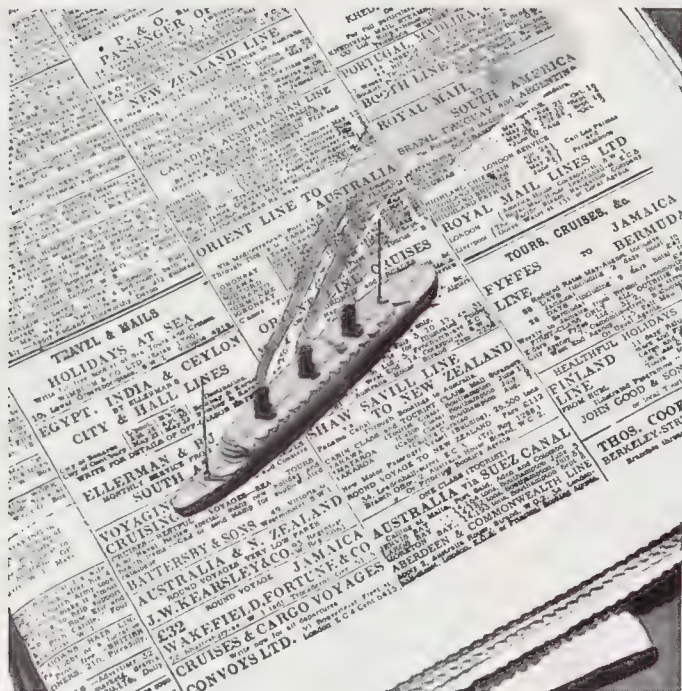
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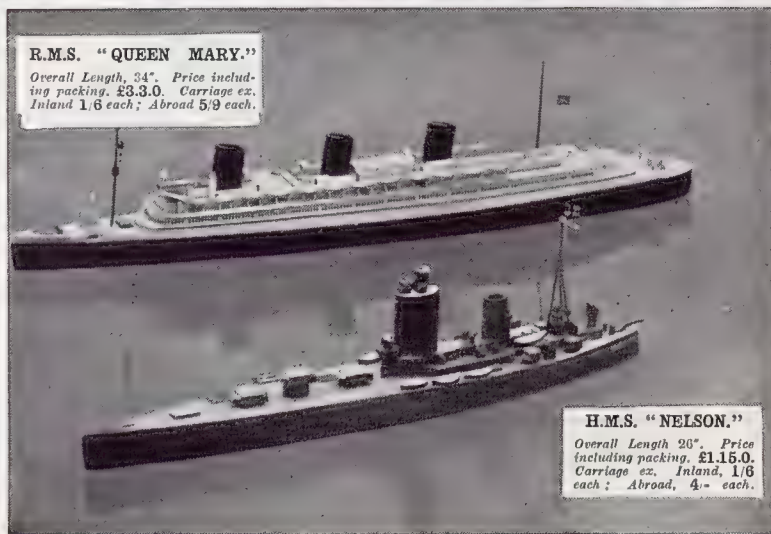
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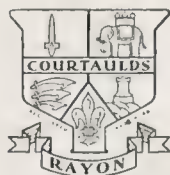
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MAY—OCTOBER, 1937

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*Exclusive styles in*  
*Knitted Suits*



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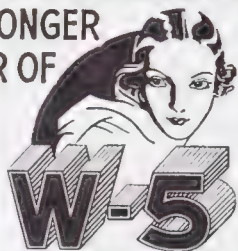
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**THIS FREE COUPON** or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON, please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (No. 57.Z.), No. 9, Old Cavendish St., London, W.1.

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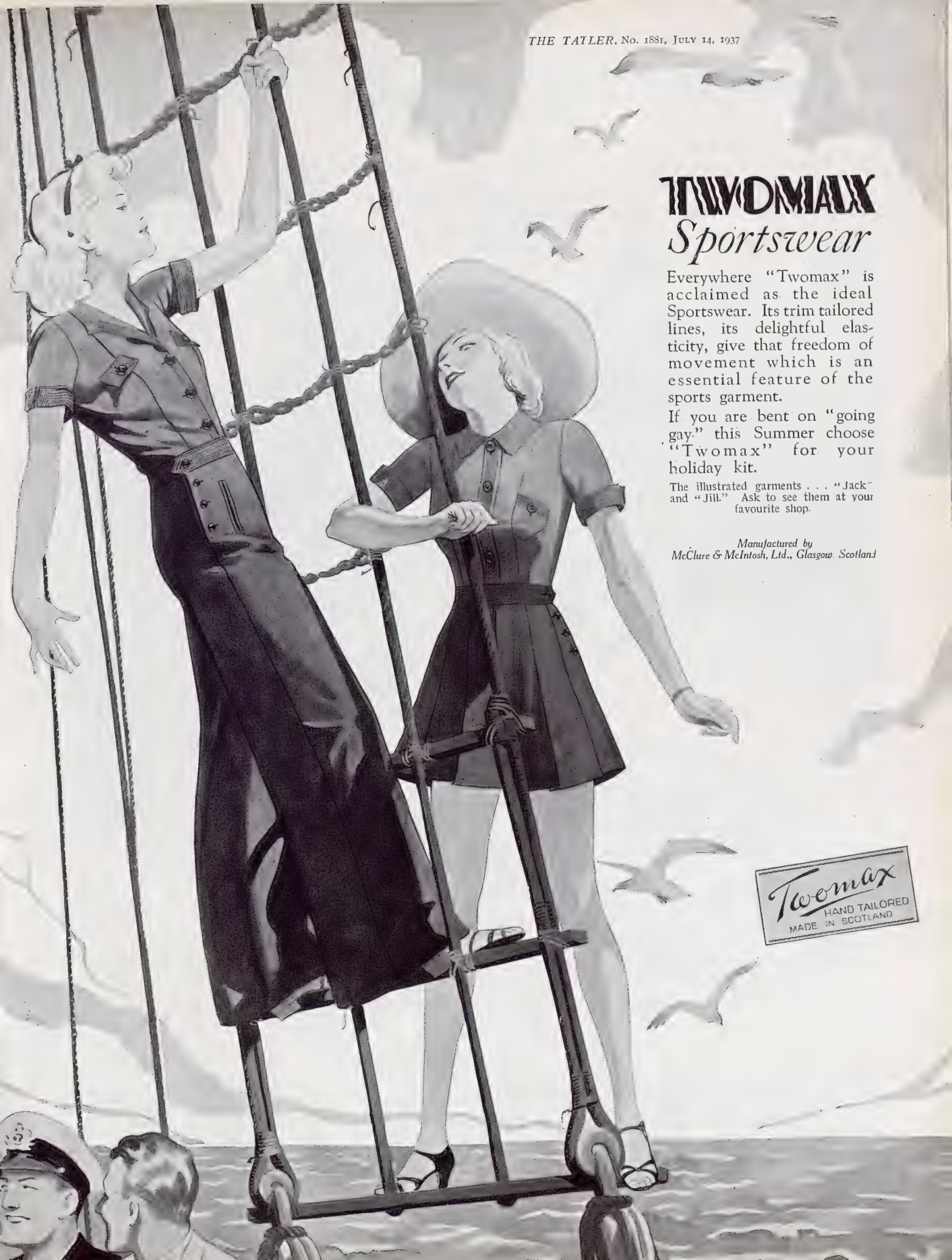
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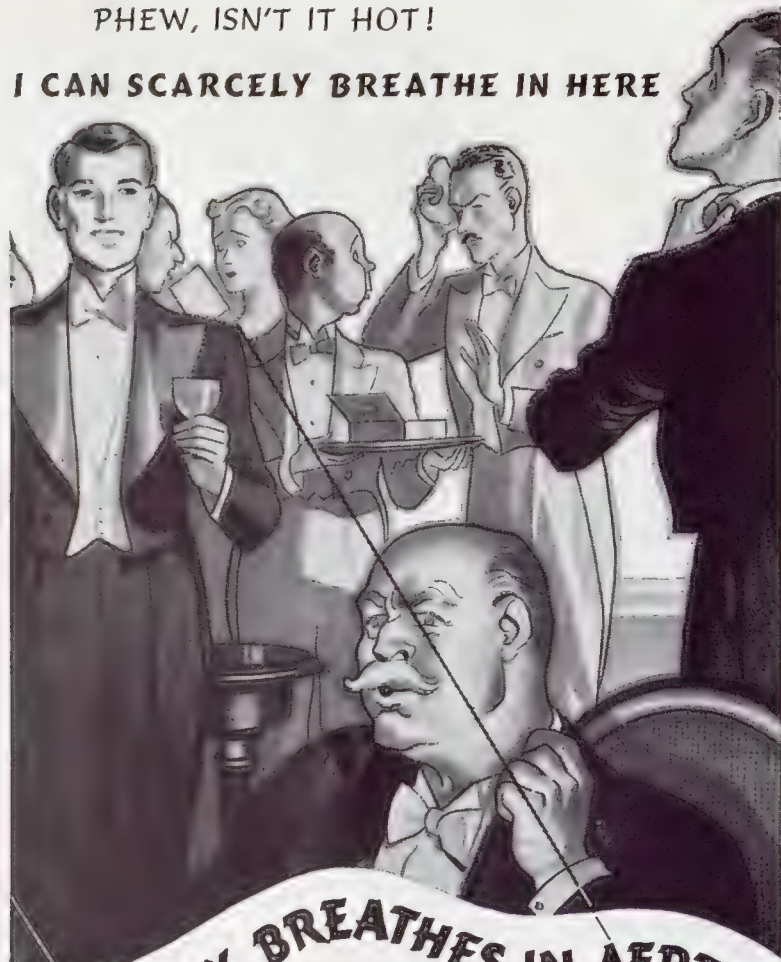
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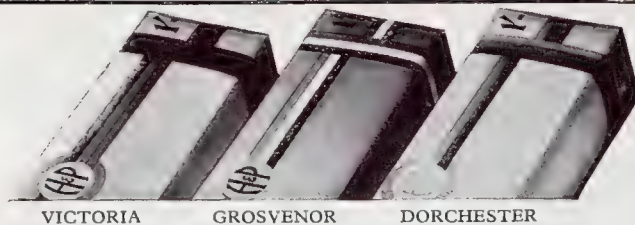
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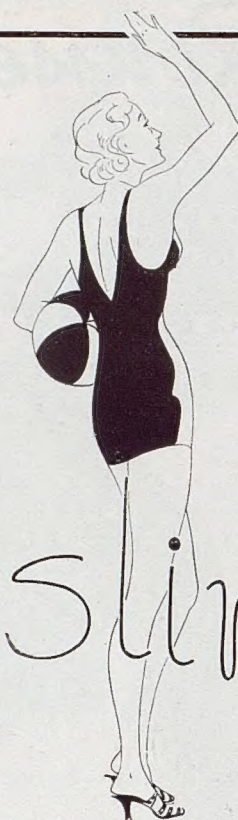
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